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FAIRY TALES FROM FOLK LORE

HERSCHEL WILLIAMS

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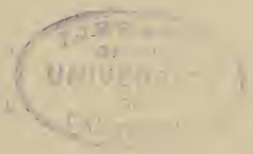

Three Beautiful Girls Came Tripping Down

FAIRY TALES
FROM
FOLK LORE

BY

HERSCHEL WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY

M. H. SQUIRE

NEW YORK
MOFFAT, YARD & COMPANY
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GENERAL

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A. M. C.

DEDICATED TO HIS GOD-CHILD,

HERSCHEL CARNEY,

BY THE AUTHOR

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FAIRY TALES FROM FOLK LORE

YELLOW LILY

A FAIRY TALE FROM IRISH FOLK-LORE

ONCE upon a time, when fairies were as plentiful as dandelions in the meadow, there dwelt in Ireland a mighty King and his good Queen. The names of these great rulers have long since been forgotten by writers of history, for they lived hundreds and hundreds of years ago.

They ruled over Erin, and lived in a great stone castle built high upon a cliff overlooking the sea. Erin was the most beautiful part of Ireland, for its forests

and great stretches of land were as green as the emerald, and its skies and waters were as blue as the turquoise.

This King and Queen had but one child, who was known as the Prince of Erin. He was a bright, handsome boy, but he cared only to have a good time. His father had often told him how wrong it was for him to make bets, but the lad gave no heed to his advice.

One day the Prince went out in the wood to hunt for deer. He tramped about all day long, carrying his bow and arrows, but no deer could he find. At last he sat down to rest.

He was almost asleep when he heard a shrill whistle behind him and the tramping of heavy feet upon the fallen timbers.

"Who are you?" cried a loud, gruff voice.

The Prince turned quickly and saw a giant striding towards him down the hill. He was almost as tall as the tallest tree, and his face was frightful to see. His eyes were like balls of fire and his nostrils belched forth black smoke.

"Woe is me; it is the Giant of Loch Lein!" cried the Prince. He wanted to run away as fast as he could, but his feet would not move. He stood trembling in every limb, for he knew that the Giant of Loch Lein hunted in the wood for boys just as the boys hunted for game. Many a lad had been seized by the terrible creature, taken to his castle in the heart of the forest, and had never returned to his parents.

"Who are you?" again roared the Giant.

"I am the son of the King of Erin," replied the boy, trying to be brave.

"I have been waiting for you a long time," said the Giant with a laugh that sounded like a thunder clap. "I have never eaten a real prince, although I have heard that their meat is very tender."

The Prince turned away, weak with fright; but the Giant seized him and said:

"Do not be frightened. As you are a son of the Ruler of Erin, I will give you a chance to escape. I understand that you can play fine games, and that you are fond of betting. Let us play a game on this hillside. If you win, I will set you free; but if you lose, I will take you to my castle, never to return to your home again."

The Prince was so fond of playing games that, even in his fright, he agreed to do as the Giant wished.

"I have two fine estates, each contain-

ing a castle," said the Giant. "They are yours if you beat me at the game."

"And I also have two estates which shall be yours, if you beat me," replied the Prince. "No man in Erin has ever beaten me at any game."

So they played until dusk, the Prince quite forgetting his fear of the Giant. Although the Giant of Loch Lein was a skillful player, the prince of Erin beat him badly.

"You may go," grumbled the Giant when the game was at an end. "You are surely a wonderful player—the best in all the land."

Most of the old historians agree that the Prince of Erin did not tell his parents anything about his narrow escape from the Giant. As soon as he reached home, he climbed to the top of the tallest tower where he could gaze at the forest

in the distance, in which stood the castle of the Giant.

"I will go again to-morrow and beat the Giant, for it will be huge sport," he said to himself. "Even if I be beaten, the Giant dare not destroy the son of the King of Erin, for my father's army will search for me and tear down the castle of the Giant when I am found. Besides, I understand that he has three beautiful daughters, the fairest girls in all the land. I should like to see them."

On the next morning, while the Prince was preparing to go hunting, the wisest old man in the court, whose name was Glic, went to the King and said:

"The Prince is about to go hunting. I beg you not to let him go, for I fear that some great danger will befall him."

The King commanded his son to stay inside the palace all day; but when no one

was looking, the Prince stole away to the hillside near the forest. Again he heard a shrill whistle that shook the boughs of the trees like a gale, and in a few moments he saw the Giant striding towards him.

"Ho, ho, my young Prince!" cried the Giant. "I knew that you would come back to-day. Let us have another game. What will you wager that you can beat me playing?"

"I will wager my herd of cattle," said the Prince, not so much frightened as before.

"And I will wager five hundred bullocks with gold horns and silver hoofs," said the Giant. "I am quite sure that you cannot beat me again."

"Agreed," said the Prince, and at once they began to play.

In a short time the Prince won the game, and the Giant set up a howl of

rage. Turning towards the forest he whistled loudly three times, and five hundred bullocks with gold horns and silver hoofs came forth.

"They are yours," said the Giant. "Follow them to your palace gate and come again to-morrow."

The Prince, filled with the delight of triumph, followed the cattle to the palace gate where the King's herder took charge of them. Then he hastened to his father and mother and bade them go to see the costly wager he had won from the Giant of Loch Lein.

The King and Queen and all the court were delighted with the cattle, whose gold horns and silver hoofs shone in the sunlight.

On the third morning the Prince of Erin again put on his hunting clothes and

started to the forest; but Glic, the fortune teller, again stopped him.

"No good can come from this gaming, for the Giant will beat you at last, and you will never return to us again," said Glic.

"I am not afraid," laughed the Prince, "for if he take me prisoner, I will have his head."

So he set forth again, singing a merry tune. Hardly had he seated himself upon the hillside when he heard the Giant's whistle. The Prince was not at all frightened, although the Giant scowled with anger because he had been obliged to give up his herd of cattle.

"What will you wager to-day?" roared the Giant.

"I will wager my head against yours," said the Prince boldly.

"Ha, ha! you have grown quite brave," laughed the Giant mockingly. "I will wager my head that I can beat you to-day. If you lose the game, I will have your head before the sun rises to-morrow."

They played on the hillside till dusk. The game was a close one, full of breathless interest and excitement; but the Prince was beaten. With a shout of triumph the Giant danced about, trampling down small trees and bushes.

The Prince was indeed sorry that he had wagered such a useful piece of property as his head, but he did not complain.

"You are an honest lad, even though you are rash," he said presently. "I will let you live one year and one day longer. Go home to the palace, but do not tell any one that I am to have your head. When the time has passed by, come back again to the hillside to pay your wager."

Then the Giant vanished, leaving the poor Prince alone, very sick at heart. He did not go home but wandered about, not caring whither he went. Finally he found that he was in a strange land far beyond the border line of Erin. On each side were green pasture lands, and in the distance were high green hills; but not a house could be seen.

AN OLD WOMAN

He wandered on and on, weak from hunger, till he came to an old hut that stood at the foot of a hill. It was lighted

by a candle. He entered and came face to face with an old woman who had been bending over a fire. Her teeth were as long as the staff he carried and her scant hair hung loosely about her face.

Before the Prince could speak, the old woman said:

"You are welcome in my house, son of the King of Erin."

Then she took him by the hand, led him into a corner of the room, and told him to wash his face and hands. In the meantime she made him some hot porridge and bade him eat a hearty meal.

The Prince was much surprised because she knew his name, and he wondered why she remained so quiet. He thought she must be a witch; but hungry boys, no matter how high their station, are apt to forget danger when a good supper is set before them. After he had eaten and

drunk all he wanted, he sat by the fire until she took him to a bedroom and told him to go to bed.

On the next morning he was awakened by the witch, who bade him rise and eat his breakfast of bread and milk.

He did as he was told, without so much as bidding her good morning.

"I know what is bothering you, son of the King of Erin," she said. "If you do as I bid you, you will have no cause for regret. Here is a ball of thread. Hold to one end of the thread and throw the ball before you. When you start on your journey the ball will roll; but you must keep following it and winding the thread all the time or you will be lost again. You were with me last night; you will be with my sister to-night."

The Prince took the ball of thread; threw it before him, and began walking

ALL DAY LONG HE TRUDGED UP HILL AND DOWN DELL.

slowly and winding the thread into another ball. With each step that he took, the ball moved further and further away from him. All day long he trudged up hill and down dell, faster and faster, until his feet and hands were so tired he could scarcely move them. At last the ball of thread stopped at the door of a hut that stood at the foot of a high hill. A candle flickered

in the window. He picked up the ball and ran to the door where he met another old witch whose teeth were as long as crutches.

"Welcome, son of the King of Erin!" she cried. "You were with my youngest sister last night; you will be with me to-night; and to-morrow you will be with my eldest sister."

She took him into the hut, bade him wash his hands and face, gave him a hearty supper of porridge and cakes, and sent him to bed.

The next morning she called him to breakfast. When he had finished eating, she gave him a ball of thread and told him to follow it as before.

The Prince followed it through field and over common, hurrying faster and faster every minute, until late on the following evening, when it stopped at the

door of a hut that stood at the foot of a hill. A candle sputtered in the window as if to welcome him. A witch, more homely than the others, stood by the fire making porridge.

She greeted the Prince as her sisters had done, bade him wash his face and hands, gave him his supper, and sent him to bed. On the following morning after breakfast she gave him a ball of thread and said:

"Son of the Prince of Erin, you have lost your head to the Giant of Loch Lein, who lives near by in a great castle surrounded by spikes. Some day you will lose your head to his daughter. Follow this ball of thread to the lake behind the castle. When you reach the lake at midday, the ball will be unwound. In a few minutes more the daughters of the cruel Giant of Loch Lein will come to the lake

to bathe. Their names are Blue Lily, White Lily, and Yellow Lily. The latter is the wisest and most beautiful of the three. Steal her clothing and do not give it up until she promises to help you, for she is the only person in the world that can outwit the Giant of Loch Lein."

The Prince thanked the witch for her advice, and followed the ball of thread to the Castle of Spikes, which was a dark, gloomy building hidden from view by great trees. When he reached the lake behind the castle, the ball of thread vanished.

He stood for a time looking at the lake, which looked like a brilliant turquoise in the sunshine. Presently he heard girlish shouts of laughter. He concealed himself behind a clump of bushes where he could see without being seen. Three beautiful girls came tripping down to the

edge of the water, where they stopped to look all about them.

It was very easy for the Prince to make out their names. The tallest one, who wore a gown of pale blue, had eyes as blue as the skies above; he knew that she must be Blue Lily. One of them was so fair that she looked as though she were carved from marble; he was sure that she was White Lily. But Yellow Lily was small and slender, with hair that shone like gold in the sunlight. She was wonderfully graceful and beautiful.

Yellow Lily threw off her robe of spun gold and stood dressed in a bathing suit of the same material. With a joyous shout she leapt into the water, followed by her sisters.

The Prince of Erin darted forth from his hiding-place, and seized the robe of

spun gold. Yellow Lily saw him and cried at the top of her voice:

"Give me back my golden robe. My father will kill me if I lose it. Please do not run away."

"What will you give me for it?" asked the Prince, moving slowly backward from the pool.

"Anything that you wish, for I am guarded by a fairy godmother who makes all things possible," replied Yellow Lily.

"I have come to give myself up to your father, the Giant of Loch Lein, according to my promise," said the Prince. "I would ask you to have him set me free. Here is your gown."

He laid the robe upon the grass and walked away up the hill towards the castle. In a few moments he was joined by Yellow Lily dressed in her golden robe.

"You are the son of the King of Erin," she said smiling sweetly, and catching step with him. "If you do as I say, you will not lose your head; but in the future I hope that you will never become so foolish as to wager your head or any other trifle you may have."

"I promise you that I will not," said the Prince, looking at her admiringly. "If your father had wagered your pretty golden head, I believe I could have beaten him at the game."

Yellow Lily tossed her curls and laughed merrily, saying: "Father has a soft bed for you in a deep tank; but do not worry, for I will help you."

They passed in silence through the stone gates of the Castle of Spikes. The great stone courts, balconies, and battlements were quite deserted. Yellow Lily took the Prince into the kitchen, which was the

largest one he had ever seen. The floor was made of white cobblestones, and a brass caldron boiled over the flames in the great fireplace. Yellow Lily hid the Prince behind a curtain in one corner of the room.

Presently the Giant of Loch Lein appeared and sank down into a chair before the fireplace. He began to sniff the air and finally roared:

"The son of the King of Erin is here! Fetch him hither, Yellow Lily."

The girl did as she was bidden. The Prince could not keep from trembling as he stood before the fierce Giant, although he felt that Yellow Lily would keep her promise.

"You must be very tired," roared the Giant, so loudly that the dishes on the shelves rattled. "I have a nice soft bed for you."

He seized the Prince, carried him across the kitchen, opened a tank, and threw him in. Splash! The Prince fell head first into three feet of water.

What was still more terrible, the Giant fastened down the lid of the tank. The Prince feared the dark far more than he did the water, but he did not cry out. He stood shivering for more than an hour, wondering if Yellow Lily had forgotten him, and wishing that he was safe at home in his bed of silk and gold.

At last the lid was raised, and Yellow Lily peeped down at him, smiling roguishly.

"Shall I steal your clothes and run away, as you tried to do to-day?" she said softly.

"No, do not let me stay in this place. I will do anything you may want me to do," pleaded the Prince, with chattering teeth.

"Then climb out; put on these dry, warm clothes I have for you; and have some supper," she said.

It did not take the Prince long to get out of his soft bed. He found the Giant sound asleep before the fireplace, snoring loud enough to drown the most terrible crash of thunder.

Yellow Lily spoke not a word, but gave the Prince some dry clothing and told him to stay in the corner until she returned. Before long she came back with a tempting supper smoking upon a tray, and told him to eat. He was very hungry and ate very heartily. Then she took him to another corner of the room and raised a curtain that hung there.

He saw a soft, white bed and a table that held fresh water and towels. Yellow Lily wished him happy dreams and hastened away.

At break of day she returned and said excitedly:

"Awaken, Prince of Erin! Do not lose a moment or we are lost. Put on the clothes you wore yesterday and follow me."

The Prince rose and dressed himself as quickly as possible. Then he drew back the curtain that hid his bed, and followed the girl.

"When the chickens begin to cackle, father will awaken," she whispered. "Leap back into the tank and I will shut down the lid."

The Prince hesitated.

"Do as I say, or we are both lost," said the girl.

The Prince jumped into the tank, and Yellow Lily closed the lid. The splash aroused the Giant, who stretched his heavy limbs, rubbed his nose, and yawned.

Then he opened his eyes, gazed all about him, strode across the room, opened the tank, and shouted:

"Good morning, Prince of Erin; how did you like your nice soft bed last night?"

"I never slept better, thank you," truthfully answered the Prince.

"Then climb out," commanded the Giant.

The Prince obeyed.

"Since you have slept so soundly, you shall do some hard work to-day," said the Giant. "I will spare you your head if you will clean out my stables. They contain five hundred horses and they have not been cleaned for seven hundred years. I am anxious to find my great-grandmother's slumber-pin which was lost somewhere in these stables. The poor old soul never slept a wink after losing it, so she died for want of sleep. I want the slum-

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ber-pin for my own use, as I am a very light sleeper."

"I will do my best to get the pin," said the Prince, almost discouraged, for he had never so much as cleaned the tips of his boots.

"Here are two shovels, an old one and a new one," said the Giant gruffly. "You may take your choice. Dig away until you find the slumber-pin. I shall expect it when I come home to-night."

The Prince took the new shovel and followed the Giant to the stables where hundreds of horses began to neigh, making a most deafening noise.

"Remember, Prince of Erin, I will either have the slumber-pin or your head," said the Giant, as he walked away.

The Prince set to work, but every time he threw a shovelful out of the window, two shovelfuls came flying in to take its

place. At last, tired and discouraged, he sat down to rest.

At that moment Yellow Lily appeared, more beautiful than ever in another gown of gold and silver, with yellow flowers in her golden hair.

"What are you trying to do, Prince of Erin?" she asked, dimpling with laughter.

"I am trying to find your great-great-grandmother's slumber-pin," was the pitiful reply.

"You are a mighty Prince and my father is a mighty Giant, yet you are both foolish as all men are," she said. "How do you suppose my great-great-grandmother could lose her slumber-pin in the stables? I have the slumber-pin myself; here it is. I put it in father's pocket last night so he could not wake up and catch us."

"What a useful girl you are!" cried

the Prince, beside himself with joy and admiration.

All day long they visited until Yellow Lily said that she must go, for she heard her father's footsteps a league away, and he would be there in two minutes.

When the Giant saw that the Prince had found the slumber-pin, he was greatly surprised.

"Either my daughter, Yellow Lily, has aided you, or else it was the Evil Spirit," he muttered.

Before the Prince could reply, the Giant picked him up, carried him back to the kitchen, and again threw him into the tank. Then he sat down by the fire, holding the slumber-pin. Soon he began to snore like a thousand locomotives.

Up went the lid of the tank, and Yellow Lily, sweet and smiling, shouted down at the top of her voice:

"Get up from your soft bed, Prince of Erin; eat the supper I have prepared, and talk as loudly as you wish, for father has gone to sleep holding great-great-grandmother's slumber-pin."

The evening they spent together was a merry one, and after Yellow Lily had joined her sisters in the watch-tower, the Prince again slept in the soft bed in the corner of the kitchen. At dawn Yellow Lily again awakened him and told him to hurry back to the tank.

As soon as the lid was closed, Yellow Lily rushed to her father's side, seized the slumber-pin, and threw it upon the floor. The Giant gave a roar and fell sprawling upon the cobblestones.

"Who woke me up?" he growled, trying to gain his feet.

"I did, dear father," said the girl meekly. "You would have slept forever had

I not pulled the slumber-pin from your grasp. It is very late."

"You are a good, trustworthy daughter," said the Giant. "I will get you something pretty."

He went to the tank and commanded the Prince to get out of his nice, soft bed.

"You have lain in bed so long, you must work still harder to-day," he added. "My stables have not been thatched for many years, and I want you to do it to-day. They cover many acres, but if you finish them before dark I will spare you your head. They must be thatched with feathers, to be put on one at a time, and no two of them must be alike."

The Prince was again cast down, but he said that he would do his best.

"But where shall I find the birds?" he asked after a period of helpless silence.

"Where do you suppose? I hope you

would not try to find them in the frog pond," was the impatient answer. "Here are two whistles, an old one and a new one. You may take your choice."

"I'll take the new one," said the Prince, and the Giant gave him a whistle that looked as though it had never been used.

"Some day you will learn that old things are best," said the Giant scornfully.

When the Giant had gone, the Prince blew the whistle until his lips were puckered out of shape, but not a fowl came to his rescue. At last he sat down upon a rock, almost ready to cry.

But Yellow Lily came again, lovelier than ever in another yellow gown trimmed with the wings of dragon flies, and with pearls in her glorious hair.

"Why do you sit whistling instead of working?" she asked. "Poor Prince, you

must be hungry. Here is a little table set for two under this big tree. When things worry you, don't give up. The man who keeps his appetite has no cause to despair."

So they sat down and ate peacock tongues and frosted cakes and almonds and many other delicacies, and were happier than ever.

"But it is growing late, and the stable is still unthatched!" cried the Prince, suddenly remembering his task as soon as his appetite was satisfied.

"Look behind you," said the girl.

The Prince, to his utter surprise, saw that the stables were thatched with downy bird feathers, no two of them alike.

"You are a wonder," he said, grasping her hands in gratitude.

"Not at all," she replied. "How could the birds work for you while you stood

there blowing that terrible whistle? Birds would be as good friends to people as dogs are, if people did not frighten them so. But say no more. I hear father drinking at the spring two miles away, and he will be here in four minutes."

She drew her skirts closely about her and with a sweet smile hastened into the castle.

"Who thatched that roof?" shouted the Giant as soon as he arrived.

"My own strength did it," said the Prince humbly, feeling that he had not told a falsehood, for Yellow Lily was even more than strength to him.

The Giant, instead of thanking him for his services, seized him again, and threw him headlong into the kitchen tank. Then he sat down by the fire. No sooner had his head begun to nod than Yellow Lily placed the slumber-pin over his nose to be

sure that he could not wake up. Then she set the Prince free, and they spent the evening as before, except that there was much more merriment.

On the following morning the Giant opened the tank and ordered the Prince to climb out.

"I have a task for you to do that even a Prince cannot do," he said. "I am sure that I shall have your head before night. Near the castle is a tree nine hundred feet high. It has but one branch and that is near the top. This branch contains a crow's nest. In the nest is one egg. I want that egg for supper to-night. If you do not get it, you will be sorry."

The Giant took the Prince to the tree, which rose like a great pillar of smooth glass, so slippery that not even an ant could crawl upon it without sliding off.

When the Giant had gone, the Prince tried a dozen times to climb to the top, but each time he slipped back to the earth quicker and harder than before. He was glad indeed when Yellow Lily came.

And now comes the bloodcurdling part of the tale that I would rather omit; but I must tell it all to you just as the dear little Irish children heard it centuries ago, or I should feel that I had marred this ancient bit of fairy folk-lore.

Yellow Lily, as usual, brought something to eat, and after they had eaten, she, for the first time, turned upon the Prince a sorrowful face.

"I am sorry father gave you this task to do; but we must submit to what cannot be helped," she said. "Alas! dear Prince, you must kill me."

"Kill you!" he cried in horror. "Never!

I would rather lose my head a thousand times."

"But, if you are careful, I shall come to life again," persisted the girl. "My fairy godmother will care for me. You will find it easy to strip off my flesh, for you have only to say, 'Yellow Lily of Loch Lein.' Say it again and my bones will all separate. You will find that my bones will stick to this tree like little steps. On the ladder of bones you can climb to the top of the tree. Get the egg and climb down carefully, each time pulling one of my bones from the tree until you have reached the earth. Then pile the bones in a heap upon my flesh and say, 'Come back, Yellow Lily of Loch Lein,' and lo! I will be myself again. But be careful—be careful not to leave one of my bones on the tree."

For a long time the Prince refused to

obey her request until Yellow Lily grew vexed and said:

"Then I will tell father that I have been helping you, and he will kill us both. Make haste, for the time is short."

"Yellow Lily of Loch Lein!" shouted the Prince, without looking at her. "Yellow Lily of Loch Lein!" he shouted again.

Then he looked down and saw at his feet a stack of little white bones. He gathered them up and, climbing slowly, made a little ladder by sticking them against the tree. He soon reached the crow's nest, found the egg, placed it in his pocket, and climbed down again, plucking the bones from the tree as he went. Then he piled them upon the flesh and garments of the girl and, with tears in his eyes, shouted:

"Come back, Yellow Lily of Loch Lein!"

And immediately Yellow Lily stood before him, but no longer smiling.

"Wretch!" she cried. "You have made me a cripple for life! You are nothing but a careless boy after all."

"Oh, what have I neglected to do?" cried the Prince, sick with fear.

"There is one of my little toes still hanging to the tree. Oh, what an awkward creature a Prince is!"

The Prince on his knees begged her pardon, and finally Yellow Lily broke into her old, sweet smile and said:

"I am thankful it is no worse. What a sight I would be if you had forgotten my backbone!"

So they became merry and talkative again until it was time for the Giant to arrive. Then Yellow Lily went to her tower and the Prince took his stand at the castle gate holding the crow's egg.

"You are certainly a magician!" gasped the Giant when he saw the Prince. "I cannot take your head, lest a worse fate befall me. Go home at once. Do not linger here a minute."

The Prince wanted to bid farewell to Yellow Lily, but of course, that was impossible, so he hastened home as fast as he could.

When he reached the Palace of Erin, the King, the Queen, old Glic, and all the court ran out to greet him. Never before had there been such rejoicing there. For days they feasted and danced to melodious music, and a tournament was held in which the best archers in the kingdom tested their skill.

A year later, old Glic, who was always making trouble, told the King that it was time for the Prince to marry some noble lady of great wealth. The Prince would

have liked to marry Yellow Lily, but the King said that he must choose a Princess whose rank was equal to his own. In despair the Prince told Glic to select him a wife soon or he would go roaming again and never return.

"I have found a suitable lady," said Glic. "Her father is the King of Loch Lein, the kingdom that is next to ours. Her father is powerful, her family is famous, her wealth cannot be counted, and she is as beautiful as the Queen of the Fairies."

"If she will have me, I will marry her," said the Prince, "but I will not seek her myself."

The King sent Glic to the court of Loch Lein, bearing rich gifts and guarded by soldiers and attendants. In a few weeks he returned and told the King of Erin that the King of Loch Lein had consent-

ed to give the Prince his daughter in marriage.

Preparations were at once made for a great wedding. All kinds of sports, several dances, and other amusements were to be enjoyed at court, and the royal families of many different kingdoms, even from the isles of the sea, were to be present.

The Prince himself finally grew much interested in getting ready for the great events. In fact he almost forgot about Yellow Lily and the help she had given him to save his head. Yet he bade his father invite the Giant of Loch Lein to be present at the feast to be given before the day of the wedding. It was also agreed to invite Blue Lily, White Lily, and Yellow Lily, and to treat them as princesses of the royal blood.

In time the King of Loch Lein, who

was an aged man, arrived with his daughter and a shipful of attendants. The gatekeeper blew his bugle and the whole court of Erin ran out to greet them. The King and Princess of Loch Lein were taken into the reception hall where the Queen and Prince of Erin welcomed them.

The Prince was much disappointed when he beheld the Princess, and was very angry with Glic, for she was haughty and not at all pretty. She seemed to be more pleased with the costly furniture and tapestries than with the Prince.

The day of the feast came at last. The table in the banquet hall was loaded with fruits and costly meats of all kinds, to be served upon plates of solid gold. Every one appeared to be happy, especially old Glic, who was to receive a large sum of money for finding the Prince a wife.

At the close of the feast, the King of Erin sang a ballad and the King of Loch Lein told a story. In those days the people were fond of deeds of magic, so the Prince requested Glic to call the mighty Giant of Loch Lein, that he might perform some tricks.

In a few moments the Giant entered the room, bowing sternly as the people clapped their hands and cheered. He did not look at the Prince but bowed low to the two Kings.

"Your Majesties," he said, "it is my daughter who is the real magician. I know that she will be glad to entertain you for a short time. In fact she has consented to take my place."

Just then Yellow Lily entered the room in a gown of gold that swept the floor. Her golden hair shone like the sun. No one present had ever seen such glorious

hair nor such a beautiful face and form. All were too much amazed at her beauty and elegance to utter a word of welcome.

Yellow Lily sat down at the table and threw two grains of wheat into the air. They lit upon the table and turned into a male and a female pigeon. Immediately the former began to peck at his mate, almost driving her from the table. To the surprise of all, the female pigeon shrieked:

"You didn't treat me thus on the day I cleaned the stable for you and found the slumber-pin."

Yellow Lily laid two grains of wheat before them, but the male pigeon greedily devoured them and continued to abuse his mate.

"You would not have done that to me the day I thatched the stables for you with

THE PIGEON BEGAN TO PECK AT HIS MATE

the feathers of birds, and no two of them alike," shrieked the female pigeon.

When some more wheat was laid before them, the male pigeon ate more greedily than before, and after he had eaten every grain he pushed his mate off the table. She fluttered to the floor screaming:

"You wouldn't have done that the day you killed me and took my bones to make steps on the glass tree nine hundred feet high, to get the crow's egg for the supper of the Giant of Loch Lein—and forgot my little toe, and made me lame for life!"

The Prince of Erin rose to his feet, red with shame, and turning to the King of Loch Lein, said:

"When I was younger I roamed about hunting and playing games. Once, while away from home, I lost the key to a val-

uable chest. After a new key was made I found the old one. Which of the two keys should be kept, the old one or the new one?"

The King of Loch Lein looked puzzled, but he answered promptly:

"Keep the old one by all means, for it will fit better and you are more accustomed to it."

"I thank you for your sound advice," continued the Prince with a smile. "Yellow Lily, the daughter of the Giant of Loch Lein, is the old key to my heart, and I will wed no other girl. Your daughter, the Princess, is the new key that has never been tried. She is only my father's guest, and no more; but she will be better for having attended my happy wedding in Erin."

Great was the astonishment of both royal families and their guests when the

Prince took Yellow Lily by the hand and led her to a seat beside him. But when the musicians began to play a brilliant air, the palace re-echoed from tower to dungeon with joyous shouts of "Long live the Prince of Erin and his future bride, Yellow Lily of Loch Lein!"

THE STOORWORM

A SCOTTISH FAIRY TALE

ONCE upon a time there lived in Scotland a farmer, who is known in folk-lore as the "Goodman of Leegarth." Although he was very humble, he owned a fertile tract of land in a valley that was watered by a burn and sheltered by towering hills. His wife was a thrifty and cleanly dame, who helped him to support a family of eight children, seven sons and one daughter.

The youngest of these children was a boy who received the nickname of "Pattle." Instead of being the favorite of the family, he was abused and neglected. His six brothers were especially cruel to

him, and made him do all sorts of hard tasks. They beat and scolded him from morning till night, although he was a goodnatured lad who never did any one harm.

Pattle wore the ragged garments that had been thrown away by his older brothers. Indeed it was pitiful to see him running like a wild boy across the stone bridges, gathering peats for the fire, or sweeping the kitchen floor. No one gave him a word of cheer except his sister, who was one day rewarded for her kindness to him.

One day the Stoorworm came to the coast of Scotland and turned his great mouth towards the land, yawning frightfully. The Stoorworm was a mammoth sea serpent, terrible to behold. He was so long that he reached half way around the world, and his forked tongue was hun-

dreds of miles in length. His eyes glowed like fire, and, when his great, hungry jaws came together, they made a noise that shook land and sea. This great monster could swallow a whole country the size of Scotland, and his hot breath could kill man and beast.

The people of Scotland were sorely distressed, for they knew that the Stoorworm had come to punish some terrible crime that had been committed there, and that he would not leave until the person who had sinned had been punished. So they stayed inside their homes and patiently awaited the time when the sinful person would be exposed and punished.

In truth, the Stoorworm had come to Scotland to destroy the wicked Queen; but no one knew it at that time. She was a selfish, treacherous woman who had no respect for her husband or her step-

daughter; but she was so deceitful that she made every one think that she loved them devotedly.

A cruel Sorcerer came to the court one day to see the King. Although he was an ill-looking creature, with a long beard and crooked limbs, the Queen fell in love with him, and plotted with him to overthrow her husband, that they might rule Scotland together. So it was not much wonder that the terrible Stoorworm had set up his head in the land, for when the rulers of a country become so sinful, it is well that they should be removed.

One morning the King came to the house of the Goodman of Leegarth. Pattle, who was working in the kitchen, saw him; but his mother would not let him go into the room where the King was, saying that the boy was too dirty to meet royalty. The King said that he had come

to Leegarth to take the only daughter of the house to his court.

"I have a daughter named Gemdelovely," said the King. "I want her to have a true and trusty attendant, and I have been told that your daughter is one of the finest girls in Scotland. Prepare her for the journey and I shall take her back with me."

The farmer and his wife were delighted when they learned that their daughter was to be a maid of the beautiful Princess Gemdelovely. The mother got her few dresses and packed them into a bundle as quickly as possible. The goodman made her a pair of rivlins, or rough cow-hide sandals, and gave them to the girl. She was much pleased, for rivlins were very fashionable in those days.

When Pattle bade his sister good-by, he burst into tears, saying: "Alas! You

are the only one that has been kind to me, and now you are to be taken away."

She kissed him tenderly, and rode away with the King, while poor Pattle returned to the kitchen to carry out the ashes.

But the King was sad at heart, for the Stoorworm kept reaching out his long tongue further and further, and he knew that something must be done.

One evening he called his high officials and all the court together. In the midst of their conversation, while they were planning to rid the country of the sea monster, the Queen came in and said:

"Ye are all brave men and brave warriors when ye have only men to face, but now ye deal with a foe that laughs at your strength, and before him your weapons are as straw. It is not by sword or spear but by the power of sorcery that the

monster can be overcome. Take counsel with the great Sorcerer who knoweth all things, for wisdom wins where strength fails."

The King, who never had liked the Sorcerer, at first refused to give him a hearing; but the pleadings of the faithless Queen were finally successful. The Sorcerer was called before the King, and on bended knee he said:

"Indeed this is a great question and hard to answer, but I will give counsel in the morning."

At the appointed hour the Sorcerer again appeared before the King and his court and said:

"The only thing to do to save Scotland is to feed the Stoorworm, each week, seven of the most beautiful maidens in the land. If the monster be not satisfied with

the offering, there is still another remedy; but it is so horrible that it dare not be uttered unless the first plan fails."

The King and his court were filled with grief, but the wicked Queen was happy. It was she who had told the Sorcerer to suggest such an awful plan, for she wanted all the comely maidens destroyed that she might be considered the most beautiful woman in the land.

But as the Stoorworm kept throwing out his forked tongue further and further, withering the grass and the foliage with his fiery breath, the King decided to send seven beautiful maidens to the water's edge every Saturday, to be swallowed by the monster. Scotland never before or since has been so sad and miserable.

Pattle, in the meantime, was much worried, for he feared that the time would

come when his beloved sister would be offered up to the Stoorworm; but he pretended to be brave.

"I am not afraid," he said one night to his eldest brother. "I myself would willingly fight the hideous monster."

His brother gave him a kick and told him to go back to the house to take out the ashes, while his other brothers pelted him with stones, declaring that he was the most stupid creature that ever lived.

On the same evening the goodman's wife sent Pattle to the barn to call his brothers to supper. They threw him upon the floor, covered him with straw, and would have smothered him, had not his father appeared in time.

At supper the farmer rebuked his sons for their harsh treatment of Pattle. He said that if they wronged him again he would punish them severely.

"You needed not to have come to my help, father," said Pattle, "for I could have fought them all and would have beaten every one of them, if I had wanted to do so."

"Why didn't you try?" asked the goodman.

"Because I wanted to save my strength, that I might fight the Stoorworm," replied Pattle.

At this the entire family began to laugh scornfully, and the father said:

"You'll fight the Stoorworm when I make spoons from the horns of the moon."

That same evening the King called his high officials and all the court before him. Everyone had complained because of the fate that threatened all the beautiful girls of the land, and the hearts of the people

THE KING'S DAUGHTER MUST BE GIVEN TO THE STOORWORM

were crushed. After a short conversation the King called the Sorcerer.

"Woe! woe!" cried the King, who was bent and haggard. "The Stoorworm is still in the land. Thou hast told a falsehood and thy head shall pay for it."

"With cruel sorrow do I say it, but there is only one more remedy," replied the Sorcerer, groveling upon the floor at the King's feet. "I would that I never had lived to see the day when I would have to tell such a dire remedy! The King's daughter, the Princess Gemdelovely, must be given to the Stoorworm. Then shall the monster leave the land!"

"She is my only child!" cried the King, trembling and turning deathly pale. "She is my dearest on earth. She is to be my heir. Yet if her death can save my country, let her be offered up to the Stoorworm. It becomes her well that the last

of the oldest race in all the land should die for the welfare of the people."

"If the monster then doth not disappear, the Sorcerer will be the next victim!" cried one of the high officials.

All the court set up a shout, and declared that, if the plans failed, the Sorcerer would not live to make another one.

The King then asked that Gemdelovely be permitted to remain with him three weeks longer. He forthwith sent messengers throughout the land and all the neighboring kingdoms, proclaiming that he would offer his daughter in marriage to the brave man that would free Scotland from the Stoorworm.

The Queen, who had laid the cruel plan to rid herself of her stepdaughter, told the Sorcerer to have no fear, for whatever fate befell him she would share it with him.

It is said that thirty-six great warriors set out to fight the Stoorworm and win the beautiful Princess Gemdelovely; but twelve of them became sick at the mere sight of the terrible monster, twelve more were so much frightened that they fled to other lands, and the remaining twelve lingered about the palace, fearing to undertake the task.

On the night before the Princess Gemdelovely was to be offered up to the Stoorworm, the King gave a supper in his palace to his faithful friends and companions. When they had all gone but his chamberlain, the King opened the great chest on which he had been sitting and took out a large sword.

"Why take that sword from the chest?" asked the chamberlain. "Four score years will be it to-morrow since thou camest into

the world, and many a brave deed hast thou done in that time; but thy day for fighting is over. Let the sword rest; thou art too old to wield it now."

"Wheest!" cried the King. "Or I'll try my strength on thy body. Thinkest thou that I, a descendant of the great god Odin, would see my bairn devoured by a monster, and not strike a blow to defend her? This sword and I shall perish before my daughter dies. Hasten thee to the shore at dawn; prepare my boat with masts up; set sail ready to hoist, with her bow seaward; and guard her till I come. It is the last service thou wilt ever do for me—good-night, old comrade."

Meanwhile Pattle lay upon his rough, hard bed, pretending to be asleep. All the time he was thinking of the great curse

upon the land, and trying to make a plan to drive the Stoorworm from the Scottish shores.

Finally he heard his father and mother talking in the next room; he could not keep from listening to what they said.

"Are you all going to see the Princess Gemdelovely offered up to the Stoorworm to-morrow?" asked the dame.

"Indeed, goodwife, and thou wilt go with us," replied the goodman.

"I do not think I shall; I am not able to walk, and I do not care to ride alone," said the dame rather peevishly.

"Thou needest not ride alone. I'll take thee behind me and ride on Teetgong, the fastest horse in the land," said the goodman.

"Why wouldst thou care to take an old wife like me behind thee? The people will see us and laugh at thee," said the dame.

"Dost thou think there is one in all the world I would rather have sit behind me than my own wife?" asked the goodman tenderly.

"I do not know; but I have sometimes thought that thou dost not love me as thou shouldst," said the dame with a sigh.

"What puts such notions in thy head? Thou knowest that I love thee better than anyone on earth. What did I ever do or say to make thee think that I do not love thee?" said the goodman.

"It is not what thou sayest, but what thou wilt not say that makes me doubt thee," said the dame. "For four years I have begged thee to tell me why Teetgong goes so fast, and thou wilt not tell me. I might as well ask a stone wall."

"I'll tell thee the whole secret," said the goodman in a low voice. "When I want Teetgong to stand still I clap him on the

shoulder. When I wish to ride fairly fast I clap him twice on the right side. When I desire him to go at full speed I blow through the windpipe of a goose. I keep the windpipe in the right-hand pocket of my coat. Now complain no more, for I have told thee all."

Pattle heard every word that was spoken, and, as soon as his father and mother were asleep, he stole out of bed, took the goose's windpipe from his father's coat, went to the stable, bridled Teetgong, and mounted him.

The horse began to prance madly, but Pattle clapped him on the shoulder, and he stood as still as though he were carved from a block of granite. Then he clapped the horse twice on the right side, and away he went; but the horse gave a loud neigh that awoke the goodman. In a few minutes he and his six oldest sons learned

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that Teetgong had been stolen. They mounted their horses and galloped after Pattle at full speed, shouting, "Stop, thief! Stop, thief!"

Teetgong heard his master's voice and stood still. Pattle thought that he would be caught and beaten within an inch of his life; but in time he thought of the goose's windpipe. He took it from his pocket and blew with all his might. Teetgong hoisted his ears and flew like the wind. The goodman and his sons gave up the chase, and returned to Leegarth to tell the constable.

Pattle did not clap the horse's side till he came to the seashore. Then he tethered Teetgong and wandered about till he came to a humble cottage. An old woman was inside, fast asleep before the fireplace. He took an iron kettle, filled it with peat fire, and returned to the shore.

Then he saw the King's boat afloat, fastened to a big stone on the beach. In the boat sat a man who was to watch till the King came.

"This is a nippy morning, sir," said Pattle politely.

"Ay, sir," replied the man very sleepily. "I've sat here all night long till the marrow of my bones is frozen."

"Why don't you come on shore and warm yourself at my fire?" asked Pattle.

"Because if the King's chamberlain finds me out of the boat, he will kill me," answered the man.

Pattle made the fire in the kettle burn brightly, and began searching for clams. After scraping the soil for some time he shouted:

"My stars! gold! gold! As sure as I am the son of my mother, there's gold in this earth!"

The boatman jumped ashore, and began to dig in the soil, fairly overthrowing Pattle. But Pattle seized the kettle of coals, loosened the boat rope, jumped into the boat, and pushed out to sea. In vain the man raved and threatened, for Pattle only laughed at him for being so foolish, so greedy, and so negligent of his duty.

The boy hoisted the sail and made for the head of the monster Stoorworm. The great beast was asleep, but when he heard Pattle, he opened his fiery eyes and, lifting his head, thrust out his horrible tongue. But Pattle was braver than anyone that had ever seen the Stoorworm. He took down the sail and let the boat drift.

When the sun came up, the Stoorworm yawned seven times. With every yawn a tide of water rushed into his mouth; and at last he swallowed the boat.

Pattle thought that his adventure was at an end. But what was his surprise to find that he was sailing smoothly down the big throat of the monster and that all about him was a soft, silvery light. On and on he went, steering his boat in mid-stream, the water becoming more and more shallow all the time. At last the keel of the boat struck something, which proved to be the liver of the Stoor-worm.

A TIDE OF WATER RUSHED INTO HIS MOUTH

Pattle bored a

great hole in the liver and emptied the kettle of hot coals inside of it. Soon the flames began to belch forth, and Pattle hastened back to the boat. With great difficulty he made his way up the stream to the mouth of the monster. But the mast snapped in twain; and, after being tossed about till he was unconscious, Pattle was thrown upon dry land, not far from where he had stolen the boat.

When he had regained his senses, he saw that a vast throng of people had gathered around him, including the King, his beautiful daughter Gemdelovely, and all the court of Scotland. They all gave shouts of joy when he opened his eyes and stared wonderingly at them.

Then a horrible thing happened. Great clouds of smoke came from the Stoorworm's mouth. The monster rolled his eyes and lolled out his forked tongue in

terrible agony, roaring like all the winds of the ocean together. Some historians say that he shook land and sea and caused the moon to shift several inches.

At last his great tongue fell to the earth and cut a deep gash, making the sea that divides Denmark from Norway and Sweden. Then he drew in his tongue and shook his head, again causing the world to tremble and change about as though it were being shattered by an earthquake. Some of his teeth flew out into the ocean, where they became the Orkney Islands; still other teeth flew out and changed into the Shetland and Faroe Islands. Then he coiled himself into a solid, dead mass, and became what is now known as Iceland. It is said that the kettle of peat fire still burns in the monster's liver, and that is what causes the burning mountains of Iceland.

When the Stoorworm was dead and his head was no longer turned to the land, Pattle, the most neglected lad in all the kingdom, was welcomed as the great deliverer of the people. The King took him in his arms, kissed and blessed him, and called him his son, the future King of Scotland. He gave him the magic sword that had always belonged to the royal family of Scotland, and told him to hasten to the palace.

Pattle mounted Teetgong and hastened away, followed by the people, who shouted: "Long live the Prince of Scotland, the Destroyer of the Stoorworm!"

Never before had he known what peace was, and his heart seemed to be bursting with happiness, especially when his dear sister came running from the palace and fell upon his bosom, weeping with joy and pride.

When the Princess Gemdelovely met Pattle and his sister on the terrace, the latter said to her:

"Great disgrace as well as honor has fallen upon the throne of Scotland to-day. The wicked Sorcerer, who has caused the country so much sorrow, and the Queen of Scotland have run away together. They left the palace an hour ago; but they were so frightened that they cannot be more than a league away."

The Princess Gemdelovely told the King what had happened, and he was filled with rage.

"So it was the wretched Queen and the vile Sorcerer that made the innocent suffer! Oh that I had a man that could ride fast enough to overtake them!"

"I will go," said Pattle, and without waiting to hear another word, he blew through the goose's windpipe, and Teet-

gong dashed away with all his might. In a few minutes Pattle captured the Queen and the Sorcerer, whose horses were slow indeed compared with Teetgong.

The Sorcerer drew his sword and struck at Pattle, but the brave lad grasped the magic sword the King had given him, and slew him.

Then he seized the Queen and carried her back to her husband. Before the King and his court she confessed her guilt and begged for mercy.

She was sent to the tower prison to spend the rest of her days; but Pattle was clothed in the garments of a prince, and great events were given in his honor.

When he was married to the beautiful Princess Gemdelovely, his parents and brothers, in their best clothes, were present. They begged him to forgive them for their unkindness to him, which he did;

but he said that next to his wife he would cherish his sister, because she had been kind to him when he was a poor, neglected boy; and that they should learn never to scorn the dullest lad, for very often such boys, by making the most of opportunities, become the greatest men.

It is further recorded that Pattle became King of Scotland and with Gemdelovely ruled for many happy, prosperous years.

THE MYSTERIOUS PRINCE

A SCANDINAVIAN FAIRY TALE

NORWAY, Sweden, Denmark, Greenland, and several other northern countries, have folk-lore fairy tales that are as romantic and imaginative as those that have been preserved in warmer and more poetic lands.

The countries now known as Norway and Sweden were, once upon a time, one big territory called Scandinavia. Although this region was cold and not thickly populated, it is said that elves, brownies, and all sorts of imaginary beings, dwelt there in great numbers.

A poor husbandman with a large family once lived close to a pine forest in the

northern part of Scandinavia. He was so poor that often his young ones had nothing to eat but porridge, yet they were a very healthy, happy set of children.

The youngest daughter was the most beautiful girl in all the land. Her auburn hair and big gray eyes were admired by all the lads in her neighborhood, but she would give her heart and hand to no one.

"I will stay at home to cheer my parents when all my brothers and sisters are married," she often said.

So she worked about the house from morning till night, singing and making merry, finally earning for herself the nickname of "Cricket."

One Thursday night at the end of the year, while the wind was blowing and the cold rain was falling, the entire family gathered about the fireplace to spend a comfortable evening together.

Cricket was about to sing a ballad to please her father, when three knocks sounded upon the door.

The husbandman went to see who the visitor might be. He could see no one, so he stepped outside and looked all about.

"Good evening, sir," said a gruff voice.

Then the husbandman beheld a great white bear with eyes that shone like stars in the darkness.

"Good evening," he replied, not much surprised; for in those days the wizards and witches and fairy godmothers often bewitched people by turning them into wild animals.

"If you will give me your youngest daughter, I will make you so rich that you cannot count your gold," said the bear.

"But I fear you might eat her," replied the husbandman who, like many another, was easily affected by the offer of money.

"I will protect and cherish her, and give her the finest home in all the land," declared the bear, sitting upon his haunches and lifting up his right paw, to show that his vow was a solemn one.

The husbandman returned to his family and told them what had happened. Cricket, who wanted to see her family more comfortable, insisted upon going away with the bear, so, in spite of their protests, she gathered up her few ragged dresses, and wrapped herself in a big shawl.

The white bear danced about, much pleased, and said that he felt honored that a girl so beautiful should trust him. He told her to get upon his back and hold tight to his shaggy fur. Then he hastened away as swiftly as though she were only a feather.

At last they came to a hill covered with

THEN HE HASTENED AWAY

clumps of cedar, that stood in the heart of the great forest. With his heavy paw he struck its broad side, and a door flew open.

What was Cricket's delight to find herself in the hall of a gorgeous castle, brilliantly lighted, and warmed by a great marble fireplace.

At first the girl could only clasp her hands to her bosom and stare with all her might. She was afraid to move lest she would awaken from a dream.

"On the mantel over the fireplace is a silver bell," said the bear. "When you think of anything you want, ring it three times, and your wish will be granted. I must leave you now, as the clock is about to strike twelve."

The bear hurried away, leaving Cricket to entertain herself. With the curiosity of a healthy, lively girl she went through

all the great rooms that opened into the hall. Never had she dreamed of such splendor, for they were all marble and gold. Dull green curtains and upholstery could be seen in one room; the next room was rose-colored; the third one was blue; the fourth one was yellow; and the fifth one was bright red, with flame-red poppies in big vases taller than herself.

In another room was a table set with a service of silver. A delicious supper had just been placed there. Cricket was so hungry that she sat down and ate heartily. Then she went back to the fireplace in the great hall, and sat down upon a big couch covered with costly furs.

At last she grew sleepy, although at first she was too full of happiness to think of going to bed.

She rang the silver bell, saying:

"I am very tired and should like to enjoy a long rest."

Instantly a door at the end of the hall flew open, and a stream of light shone forth. She soon found herself in a sleeping-room as white as Scandinavia in midwinter. The little bed was half concealed by white silk curtains trimmed with gold fringe. The pillows and sheets were of white silk, and the counterpane was made of white satin embroidered with gold.

That night she was awakened from her slumber by some one breathing heavily in the next room. Again filled with curiosity, she unlocked the door and stepped out into the hall. The next door to hers was half open, and the room was dimly lighted. She entered softly, and parted the curtains that hid the sleeper from view.

Then her heart stopped beating, for

she saw a handsome young man in a black court costume trimmed with gold, lying upon the couch, sound asleep. She hurried away as fast as she could, fearing that he would awaken.

On the next morning the bear met her as she came from her room, and asked her if she were contented. She thanked him for his kindness to her and talked for quite awhile; but she did not ask about the young man in the next room, fearing that she would betray her curiosity.

Weeks passed by, and Cricket, dressed in rich robes, lived in the castle of the bear and tried to be happy. She often read to him as he lay stretched out before the fireplace, but she always ate alone, and at night the bear disappeared. Several times before dawn she tried to rouse the mysterious young man in the next room, but not even the most terrible peal of thunder

could disturb him. She became more and more curious.

But at last Cricket grew homesick. One morning she said to the bear:

"I want to go home for a short time to visit my father and mother and brothers and sisters. Please let me go."

"You may go for a few days, if you will make me one promise," said the bear.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Promise me that you will not let your mother speak to you unless some one else is in the room," said the bear.

"I promise you," said Cricket, somewhat surprised.

"If you do not keep your promise, great sorrow will come to you and to me and to all your people," said the bear.

On the following evening she prepared for her journey and again mounted the

bear, her little white hands tightly holding to his shaggy coat.

After a long journey through the blinding snow, they arrived at a handsome house that stood on the crest of a hill.

"This is not the place!" she cried in alarm.

"Here is where your family live now," replied the bear. "They are very rich, and own all the land for miles around."

Cricket jumped from the bear's back, happier than ever, and bade her companion farewell.

"If you do not keep your promise, it will be a sad day for all that you love," warned the bear. "I will come for you in a week; be prepared to go back with me."

The husbandman and his family were delighted to see Cricket once more. The days that followed were never forgotten by any of them.

One morning Cricket's mother said to her:

"The elves have told me that some day you are to be wed to a Prince. They say that he has been sleeping in the room beside your own in the bear's castle.

"Yes, but I cannot awaken him," said Cricket, her heart fluttering wildly.

"He is bewitched," continued her mother. "When you return to the castle, go to see him in the night. Kiss him upon the brow, and he will awaken from his spell and claim you as his own."

Cricket's heart beat wilder than ever, as she realized that she was madly in love with the mysterious Prince.

Then her heart stopped beating, when she remembered that she had forgotten her promise to the bear.

The rest of her visit was very unhappy, for Cricket was an honest girl who never

before had broken a promise. When the bear came after her, she was ashamed to meet his gaze; but he asked her no questions.

The first night after her return to the castle in the forest, she arose before dawn and entered the Prince's sleeping-room. There he lay, as handsome as ever, still dressed in his black and gold court costume. She almost cried for joy at the thought of seeing him open his eyes and smile upon her. She bent to kiss his brow, but at the same time three drops of hot grease fell from the candle, and spattered his garments.

The Prince sat up in bed and gazed at her in horror and disgust.

"What have you done?" he cried. "You have not kept your promise, for you have been talking to your mother when no one else was about. Alas! you and I and all

your family must suffer. It is as wrong to tell a falsehood to a bear as it is to tell one to a Prince."

"I did not mean to tell a falsehood to the good bear who has been so kind to me," said Cricket, beginning to cry.

"I am a Prince, and I have loved you ever since I first saw you," continued the young man. "I once lived in a castle which lies East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon, but my stepmother bewitched me and turned me into a bear because I refused to marry a homely Princess with a nose three ells long. I am a bear in the daytime, and at midnight I change into a Prince. If you had waited only a week longer, the spell would have been broken. Now I must go to wed the Princess Long-nose."

"But I will go along," cried Cricket, grasping his hand.

"You cannot," said the Prince, shaking his head. "We must part now."

"But may I not follow you?" asked the poor girl, half frantic with grief.

"Yes, but you'll never find the place. Good-by," was the response.

At daybreak Cricket, instead of waking in her own snug room, found herself in the forest upon a bed of moss, her head pillowed upon her bundle of ragged dresses.

She at once set out to find the Prince, and had wandered many miles through forest and moor, when she reached the hut of an old woman who was sitting at the door playing with a golden apple.

"Please tell me, good woman, where I may find the castle that lies East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon," begged the girl. "I want to see the Prince who is to

marry a Princess with a nose three ells long."

"Indeed, I do not know," replied the woman; "but if you carry this golden apple, you may come to another woman that can tell you."

Cricket wandered on till she came to another hut, where an old woman sat at the door playing with a golden carding-comb. Cricket told her what she was seeking and begged her advice.

The woman replied:

"Indeed, I do not know where the castle that lies East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon is situated; but if you take this comb and keep straight on, you may come to a woman that can tell you."

On the next day Cricket came to another hut, in which sat an old woman playing with a small golden spinning wheel.

She told her what she wanted and begged her to assist her.

"Indeed, I do not know where the castle that lies East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon is situated; but, if you will take this spinning wheel, you may come to one that can tell you."

But Cricket's wanderings were not half over yet, for she stopped at the house of the East Wind, a big, gruff ogre, who carried her on his back to his brother, the West Wind. The West Wind carried her to the South Wind, and the South Wind carried her to his oldest brother, the North Wind.

"I think I know where the castle is, for once I blew an aspen leaf there," said the North Wind, swelling pompously. "None of my brothers have ever blown their breaths so far. Get on my back and hold tight."

The North Wind began to swell until he looked like a great balloon, and soon they were hundreds of feet above the earth, sailing fleetly towards the north pole. Below them a storm was raging that destroyed ships and houses. But Cricket did not fear anything, so anxious was she to see the Prince.

At last the North Wind began to sink lower and lower, as though he were losing his breath, until the crests of the waves touched the soles of her feet. Then he threw Cricket on shore, right under one of the windows of the castle that lies East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon.

Cricket began to play with the golden apple.

"What do you want for that pretty apple?" asked a shrill, cracked voice.

The girl turned and saw a long nose sticking out of the window overhead.

She could hardly keep from laughing when she saw the Princess Long-nose.

"Silver or gold will not buy it," said Cricket; "but if you will take me to see the Prince, you may have it."

At dusk the Princess took Cricket into the castle and led her into the Prince's

SILVER OR GOLD WILL NOT BUY IT

room. He was asleep, as usual, and although Cricket called him loudly, he did not hear her, for the Princess Long-nose had given him a sleeping potion.

Before she could give up in despair, the Princess took her by the shoulders and thrust her out of the castle.

The next day she told the Princess that she would give her the gold comb, if she would let her see the Prince again. The Princess Long-nose consented; but the same disappointment met poor Cricket, who shouted and shook the Prince in vain.

The next day Cricket offered the Princess Long-nose the golden spinning wheel, if she would let her see the Prince for the last time. The Princess, with a mocking laugh, agreed to oblige her as before.

But some prisoners that had been thrown in the castle dungeon by the Prince's wicked step-mother, told him that

a beautiful young maiden for two nights had been trying to awaken him, without success. So when the Princess Long-nose gave him a sleeping potion that night, he pretended to drink it, but, in truth, poured it out of the window.

What was the delight of Cricket to find the Prince wide awake and smiling, when she went into his room on the third night.

"You came just in time," cried the Prince joyfully, "for I was to have married the Princess Long-nose to-morrow. The fairies say that I shall be freed from the spell my stepmother has thrown over me, when I marry the girl of my choice. How happy am I that you came to rescue me from the castle that lies East o' the Sun and West o' the Moon!"

Some folk lore writers tell of many other things that happened before the Prince won Cricket for his wife; but

doubtless, by this time, you would be more interested to learn what became of them.

The Prince married Cricket and escaped from the castle on the next day. The North Wind carried them back to Scandinavia, where they sought their lovely home in the centre of the great forest. The Prince's step-mother, it is said, was so enraged at the failure of her plans that she bursted into a million pieces; while the Princess Long-nose took to running at the top of her speed, through valley and over mountain, and may be running yet, for all I know.

TWO MOQUI HEROES

AN AMERICAN FAIRY TALE

A LONG time ago, when there were no white people in the United States, the Moqui Indians lived on a green, grassy mesa in the Great West. They were a rich and powerful nation, very kind to one another, although they fought their foes with a strength and skill that could not be excelled by any other tribe.

They owned all the country from the mountains to the Great River, and within this vast territory were an abundance of buffaloes, deer, fish, and other varieties of food that Indians like. They were a thrifty and progressive nation, and lived in wigwams that in winter were snugly lined with the skins of wild animals.

This ancient race of Indians have transmitted to us some of the oldest folk-lore stories in the world,—fairy tales that were old before Christopher Columbus discovered America. Many, many years ago, the little Indian children, scattered all over the continent, listened with breathless interest to the tales of two great Moqui braves; for Indian children love romantic stories about ogres and giants and deeds of magic quite as well as we do.

The names of these two Moqui heroes were White Corn and Lolomi. White Corn had a very long Indian name, which no one who is wise would try to pronounce, so modern story-tellers have translated it into English.

These lads were great friends. Lolomi, above all things else, desired to be strong and brave, and to do mighty deeds that would benefit his race. On the other hand,

White Corn desired to be a learned man, that he might instruct and civilize his people. If you will closely follow this story, you will see how both of them, because of their willingness to overcome all obstacles, attained what they most desired.

White Corn was the youngest of seven bachelor brothers, who were all brave and good men. They lived in a large log house at the edge of the great mesa, and were as comfortable and happy as they could be. The names of the six older brothers were Red Corn, Blue Corn, Yellow Corn, Black Corn, Green Corn, and Spotted Corn.

One day they decided that White Corn must seek him a wife, for they had become quite vexed because their friends ridiculed them for not getting married.

White Corn did not wish to marry a Moqui maiden, so he made up his mind

to travel in search of a wife,—one that would be wise enough to help him educate his people.

Before setting out upon his journey, he went down to a beautiful stream near his home, and called upon Daw-wa, the Sun Chief.

"Oh Daw-wa, Father!" he cried, beating his breast, as was the custom when the Sun Chief was invoked. "I have been sent from home, and my heart is breaking. I am weary, Father; I pray thee give me rest. Give me a home where my heart will once more be filled with the joyous song of the lark, and not with the sad song of the dove. Let me find wisdom, that I may enlighten my people."

Daw-wa appeared at once, and said:

"Do as I bid thee, my son, and thou shalt be rewarded. Set out upon thy journey, ever keeping thy face turned to-

wards me. Take with thee these four plume-sticks and this bag of magic meal that I have brought. Ere long thou wilt come to a great lake. At its border thou wilt find some roots and herbs, which thou must eat; they will stay thy hunger for many days. Tie the four plume-sticks together and place them upon the water. Get aboard the raft that will appear, and, at the end of four days, sail away. Do not set thy foot upon land until Wapa, the Great Serpent, shall bid thee."

White Corn bowed low, took the plume-sticks and the sack of magic meal, and returned to his home. When all his brothers had gone, he set forth on his journey, following the sun in the Great West.

For several days he tramped wearily along, until he reached the lake, of which Daw-wa had spoken. He dug up the roots and herbs that grew close to its

brink, and ate them. Then he tied four plume-sticks together and placed them upon the water. In the wink of an eye they changed into a raft sheltered by a canopy of feathers.

White Corn was delighted with the beautiful vessel, but, as Daw-wa had requested, he did not continue his journey until four days had passed away. Then he sprang aboard, and the raft began to move swiftly and smoothly. To White Corn it was a wonderful craft, for he had never seen one that could move without the assistance of oars.

For several days he traveled, feeling neither hunger nor fatigue. One day at sunset a buzzard lit upon the raft, and flapped its wings three times.

"Be not afraid of anything that thou wilt see, brave Son of the Moquis," said the bird. "I have come from the land of

the Great Serpent to warn thee to be brave."

Having delivered its message, the buzzard flew away to the west, leaving White Corn more curious and anxious than before, yet very glad that he was to meet the Great Serpent; for Indians always regarded the serpent as the emblem of wisdom.

A few days later the raft began to rock as though it were in a great storm. White Corn was beginning to get seasick, when, suddenly, the vessel was thrown high in the air, and fell to the earth close to the edge of the water. To his amazement the raft began to get smaller and smaller until it changed into the plume-sticks that Daw-wa had given him.

White Corn picked them up, and wandered away towards the sun, without any thought of giving up the long journey.

Although the little Indian children were fond of romance and mystery, they liked humor, too, as is shown in this strange tale after White Corn leaves the raft; for he came face to face with a queer old man that carried a crook.

"Good morning," said White Corn pleasantly.

But the old man only bounded up and down like a jumping-jack, and, quick as a wink, fastened his crook about White Corn's neck. Then he started on a brisk run, pulling White Corn after him. The poor boy never had known that an old man could run so fast; but he did not complain, although his neck felt as though it would break.

They had run fully a hundred miles without stopping to take a breath, when an unusual thing happened. Although the sun was shining brightly, a bolt of

lightning came from the sky and struck the old man. He fell in a heap. For a moment White Corn was glad of it and, clutching his plume-sticks and sack of magic meal, he started to run away, without waiting to see if his companion were killed.

When he had run a hundred feet or more, he looked back and saw that the old man was sitting up, fumbling with the few hairs on the top of his head; then he began to motion for White Corn to come back. When the lad reached the queer creature's side, he, for the first time, perceived that the old man had neither a mouth nor a nose.

"Take the black stone that lies yonder and make a mouth for your guide," said the buzzard, who had alighted on the bough of a tree near by.

White Corn picked up the black stone

and slashed the old man's face, making a crooked mouth that grinned in a most ghastly manner.

"How nice it is to be able to talk!" cried the old man, and then he began to giggle and laugh and scream until White Corn was sorry he had made a mouth for him.

Placing his arm about White Corn's waist, he began to run as hard as he could, all the time singing silly songs and laughing at the top of his voice. At last they reached a stream where another queer thing happened. Suddenly the old man stood still; then he began to shout at the top of his voice again, all the time growing smaller until at last he floated away and disappeared like a piece of paper that has been burned in a bon-fire.

White Corn was very glad to be rid of him, and vowed that never again would he make a mouth for any person. He

took the sack of magic meal and sprinkled it upon the water.

Almost immediately a serpent crawled from the bushes and held up its head. White Corn was not afraid of snakes, and this one was so beautiful, he stood agape in admiration, for it was covered with diamonds, emeralds, garnets, and sapphires.

"Who are you, and where are you going?" asked the serpent.

"I am White Corn, a Moqui brave, and I have been sent by Daw-wa to the land of the Serpent to gain a wife and great wisdom."

"Perhaps it would be better for you to gain wisdom before you gain a wife," said the serpent with an expression on its face that looked like a smile.

"I am not particular as to that," said White Corn.

"Then follow my advice," resumed the

serpent. "Tie your plume-sticks together and place them upon the water. They will be transformed by Daw-wa into a raft. Get aboard the raft and remain thereon till the fourth day. Then something will happen that will please you."

The serpent disappeared, and White Corn tied the plume-sticks together and placed them upon the water. Again they were changed into a raft with a canopy of plumes. He sprang aboard, and began to sail up the stream so swiftly that the stars looked like long, narrow streaks of fire.

On the fourth day he saw a black rock jutting out over the stream. Just as he was about to pass it by, the waters began to roar, and finally tossed the boat on its summit. Again the raft turned into plume-sticks, which White Corn placed in his belt. He was much shaken by the fall,

but he was still determined to go straight ahead.

At sunrise on the next day another serpent, larger and more beautiful than the first one, crawled from the rock.

"Who are you, and where are you going?" it said.

"I am searching for the land of the Great Serpent, that I may gain wisdom and—a wife," replied the lad.

"You are already in the land of the Great Serpent," replied the reptile. "I am the Great Serpent, and I will give you the knowledge you crave."

It is recorded that the snake told White Corn all about the heavenly bodies, the winds, the nations of the earth, and all things that in those days made men wise.

"Now you are prepared to commune with the Great Chief," said the serpent, when the lessons were finished.

"I AM THE GREAT SERPENT"

At that moment the great black rock upon which the Indian brave was standing, flew apart. White Corn felt himself sinking,—down, down, down, into a pit of ebony blackness. Soon he found himself in a great tunnel. He saw a bright light shining in the distance, and slowly plodded along to reach it. Behind him the rocks kept falling, as if to keep him from returning. They made a sound that reminded him of mighty thunder.

When the beautiful ruby light in the distance could be plainly seen, sweet music fell upon his ears. He hastened his tired footsteps, his heart beating with expectation. All about him streams of liquid light bubbled forth from the rocky walls, and crystal fruits sparkled upon the avenue of trees through which he found himself passing.

Presently he saw a host of men and

maidens clad in sunbeams and moonbeams, dancing about the throne of an old man with long white hair. Upon his brow rested a coronet, from which a large red ruby sent out a flood of dazzling rays that lighted the great cavern. A bevy of graceful girls, dressed in fleecy clouds sparkling with the beams of stars and the spray of dashing waves, came tripping forth to meet White Corn and conduct him to the Great Chief.

"My children and I have been waiting for thee a long time, White Corn of the Moquis," said the Great Chief. "We are the sons and daughters of Knowledge, and here we are forced to abide until the tribes of the Earth are ready to receive us. Come and make merry with us. What wouldst thou have?"

"O Great Chief—I want a wife to help

me enjoy my happiness," said White Corn.

All the maidens began to laugh, while the music grew softer and sweeter, and the waters of the streams and fountains turned to sunset golden.

"Take thy choice," said the Great Chief kindly.

"Any of them will do—it is thou that must choose for me," faltered White Corn.

The Great Chief reached behind him and seized a cloud that was passing by. When the light of the great ruby fell upon it, it changed into the loveliest Indian maiden that White Corn had ever seen. Her hair was as black as the crow's wing, her cheeks were like the red haw, her smile glowed like the eastern sky at dawn; but more apparent than all other

charms were her eyes that shone like beautiful stars.

"She is mine!" cried White Corn rapturously as he threw out his arms. "She is the maid of my choice, and she shall be called Bright Eyes!"

But meanwhile the land of the Moquis was smitten sore. While all the tribe were wondering what had become of White Corn, a score of Giants stole from the great mountains and began to destroy the property of the wonderful people that had never been conquered.

Now was the time for Lolomi, White Corn's dearest friend, to do brave acts that would win for him a high station and the realization of all his youthful dreams. He was made all the more desirous of being great by the scornful taunting of

a beautiful Moqui maiden whose name was Rosy Dawn.

In vain he had pleaded for her hand, but each time she had said:

"When thou hast become great, so that I may be proud of thee, then will I become thy wife; but it is not well that the daughter of the rich and powerful Roaring River should be wed to one whose bravery has never been tested."

Every morning the Giants would come down from the mountains and peep across the vast tableland where the Moquis dwelt. Then they would reach out their big hands and steal horses and cattle, roaring all the time with a volume that shook the mountains. At last they said the time would come when they would run across the mesa and trample all the Moquis as though they were red ants.

The King of the tribe offered in marriage the handsomest maiden in the land, and a thousand horses to the man who would deliver his people from the Giants.

Lolomi's heart beat high with courage, only to sink with despair, when he realized what a toy he was in comparison with the Giants; but he made up his mind that he would die fighting rather than give up Rosy Dawn.

One morning as he was walking about the outskirts of the mesa, he saw a horned toad lying by a rock, struggling as if in pain. The Moquis were kind to toads as well as to snakes, so, even in the midst of his grave unrest, he stopped to see if he could not relieve the poor creature.

As he bent down to pick it up, he was surprised to hear it say these words in his own language:

"Dost thou wish to destroy the Giants?"

"Yes,—above all things else on earth," replied Lolomi in surprise.

"I am going to die soon," continued the toad, rolling its eyes about and breathing heavily. "When I am dead, put on my crest and breastplate, and pull the scales from my eyes. Thou wilt then be prepared to guard the land of the Moquis and to fight the Giants. Take thy station at this point. When a Giant steps across thy borders, advance slowly towards him, looking him straight in the eye. The man who cannot squarely eye his enemy is a coward. The Giant will walk backwards, unable to take his eyes from thee. Keep steadily advancing. When he reaches the edge of the tableland, he will fall off and be killed. If thou keepest close watch, and are brave, Lolomi, every Giant will meet a similar fate."

When the toad was dead, Lolomi took off its crest and placed it upon his head. The crest began to grow larger and thicker. It reached his shoulders, leaving tiny openings through which he could see and breathe. It was so strong that the sharpest weapon could not cut it open. Then he put on the breastplate, which was no bigger than his thumb-nail. It began to grow larger and larger until it covered him all over like a suit of armor. When Lolomi pulled the scales from the eyes of the toad, he felt as light as a feather and as brave as a lion.

No sooner was he prepared for battle than a Giant peered over the tableland, and with a loud shout that roused all the Moquis, he leapt up and began to advance, taking strides a half mile in length.

When the Giant saw Lolomi, he threw a large spear that struck his foe's breast-

plate, but glanced harmlessly off. He threw another, which bounded back from Lolomi's breastplate and struck the giant upon the knee. He gave a howl of pain that shook the earth, and was about to step upon Lolomi; but the courageous youth, remembering what the toad had said, looked steadily at him, advancing slowly.

The Giant walked slowly backwards, while Lolomi waved his spear and followed. Step by step he drove his foe to the edge of the tableland. Then there was a great bellow of terror, the falling of stones, and the crackling of timber, as the Giant fell down into a black chasm,—never to frighten the Moquis again.

Another Giant appeared to avenge the death of his comrade, but likewise Lolomi drove him backwards into the chasm. Another Giant, and still another, and

many others appeared, but Lolomi, with steadfast eye and steady nerve, drove them all back into the chasm where they died in a heap.

The Moquis, headed by the King, came forth to congratulate the brave hero. Some brought costly furs and feathers and beads and all sorts of garments from their wigwams, and laid them at his feet.

They all insisted that one so brave should be made their King, and forthwith he was given the greatest honor that ever fell to a Moqui brave.

At sunset they went to where the dead Giants were heaped together, and covered them with stones. To this day that spot is known as the Giants' Fall.

Lolomi was overjoyed because his beloved people would no longer be annoyed by the terrible Giants. When he returned

to his wigwam, around which hundreds of horses and cattle had been staked, he found that he had become rich as well as powerful; for sometimes the reaching of some great aim leads to the attainment of others as well.

But what was his surprise to find Rosy Dawn waiting inside the wigwam, cooking fish with her own dimpled hands, and looking as cheerful and obedient as any little squaw that ever won the heart of a brave warrior.

It is said that White Corn, by the wise use of his plume-sticks and the sack of magic meal, escaped from the dark cavern under the earth, and with Bright Eyes returned to the fair land of the Moquis, where they were welcomed by King Lolomi and his wife, Rosy Dawn.

To this day there are tribes of Indians that prefer white corn to that of any other color; while Lolomi is used by them as a word of welcome greeting.

THE GODDESS OF LIGHT

A CANADIAN LEGEND

While Canada was still a barren wilderness, there lived within sight of the Alaskan peaks, a Thinkleet, or Ogre, who was very selfish and cruel.

At that time it was very dark and foggy, for there was no sun in the heavens; neither was there a moon, nor stars, nor any other heavenly bodies. A few wretched people groped about, living little better than the lizards that made their homes among the rocks.

The Thinkleet, while once wandering in the cold north lands, met a maiden whose dazzling beauty shone forth even in the darkness. She consented to be his

wife, and after they were married, he took her back to his humble lodge in Canada.

Everyone wondered how it is that a rough, cruel, and selfish man often finds a wife that is good and beautiful. One look at her sweet, contented face filled them with cheer and courage.

It is said that the Thinkleet was very jealous of her, and often punished her for beaming upon all people alike.

"Why do you not save your sweet smiles for me alone?" he asked.

"Because I was sent into the world to spread joy and good will," she replied sweetly. "I was not made for one person, and I will continue to treat all people the same."

The Thinkleet scolded her severely, but the harder he railed, the brighter she smiled. She waited upon him faithfully as he ate his supper, and quite wore away

his anger with her gentle words and laughter.

But as soon as the Thinkleet had gone out to hunt for food, she thrust her head through the doorway and smiled upon all the men that chanced to pass by. They gathered about her and gazed at her in admiration.

Some one, of course, told the Thinkleet how his bride had been smiling upon the passersby during his absence, and again he scolded her roundly, saying that he would destroy her if she acted in such an unbecoming manner in the future.

"You may bury me if you will," she replied with a dazzling smile, "but you cannot kill me. No mortal can deprive me of life."

The Thinkleet got a flock of red birds and gave them to his wife. She did not know that he had trained them to report

to him all her actions while he was away from home, so she cared for them and called them her pets.

No sooner was the Thinkleet out of sight than his beautiful wife went to the door and smiled on all the people that passed by. When he returned a few hours later, the red birds told him that his wife had smiled as sweetly upon all the neighbors as she had smiled upon him.

Very much enraged, the Thinkleet seized her and put her in a wooden box. He fastened down the lid and stored it away in a room that was seldom used.

But his sister, who was fond of his goodnatured wife, came in and begged him to set her free.

Instead of granting his sister's request, the wretch went to her cottage and slew all her children. Then he went back

home and sat down to make excuses to himself for his rash act.

The world was darker than ever. Without the smile of his gentle wife, he could scarcely see at all. Filled with terror, he groped his way to the inner room to find the box and set her free; but it was so dark that he could not find it.

All the people around him began to wail and lament, for never before had there been such darkness in the land.

Meanwhile the Thinkleet's sister left her cottage and went out to the seashore, weeping bitterly.

"Oh, what shall I do—what shall I do!" she moaned to the waves as they rippled against the beach.

Suddenly a large number of fishes stuck their heads out of the water, and said:

"Grieve not, good woman, for thou wilt have another child that will be greater than the Thinkleet. It is thy duty to make him a noble man."

So the woman dried her tears and traveled far away to a strange land, where she lived a quiet but useful life. A few years later she had another child, a bright, active boy whom she named Yehl.

She became as happy as of old in teaching her son all that was helpful and noble. Yehl was a beautiful lad and as good as he was fair. He spent all his time making fires along the shore, that the people might be able to see each other. He also taught them how to use fire to cook their food.

When he was old enough to use weapons, his mother sent him to where the Thinkleet lived, to set free his beautiful wife.

Yehl found the lodge of the Thinkleet dark and deserted, for the wicked creature was out fishing. He stole quietly in, and began to search for the hidden box. He finally touched a wooden surface, and at the same time he heard a groan.

"I have come to set free my beautiful aunt!" he cried, very much excited.

"And you will be killed by your uncle!" shouted a gruff voice.

Yehl drew his sword,—and just in time, for the Thinkleet had entered the lodge and was making for him with a spear and a club.

For a long time they fought until Yehl, finding his strength giving out, made his escape.

He waited for several days before again attempting to find the box. Finally he entered the lodge after the Thinkleet had gone out to catch fish. For

a long time he groped about until his hands fell upon a rough wooden surface.

His heart beat with expectation, although he was sure that the Thinkleet's wife was no longer living.

He fumbled with the lock and finally opened it. Instead of hearing a moan as before, a peal of laughter fell upon his astonished ears.

Then a wonderful thing took place, such as never has happened since.

No sooner had the lid of the box been removed than a flood of light blinded Yehl for a moment. He rubbed his eyes and looked at the box, utterly astounded. The beautiful, smiling woman had turned into a flood of light that ascended heavenward to the sun, giving it the radiance that, since that time, has enlightened all the world.

When the light fell upon Yehl, he be-

FOR A LONG TIME THEY FOUGHT

came gifted with the power of magic. He found another box, which some folklore story-tellers say contained the former wives of the Thinkleet, and from their dark hiding place came forth the moon and the stars. They floated to their places in the skies and lighted the dark world at night.

All the people were filled with awe. Yehl went among them to comfort those that were frightened. Those that had fled to the water he changed into fishes, others that had sought the forests he changed into birds, while still others were changed into deer and other graceful animals. The remaining people fell at his feet and hailed him as their deliverer.

When the Thinkleet saw the beautiful face of his wife in the sun, he hid himself in a dark cave and never more returned

to his home; for it is said that the wicked do not like the light.

Yehl went throughout all the country doing all the good he could; but as long as he lived on earth, he loved the Goddess of Light who smiled upon him each day from her home in the sun.

SWEET PEA AND SWEET WILLIAM

AN ENGLISH FAIRY TALE.

At one time "Merrie England" was filled with fairies and other sprightly beings. They were so numerous and so powerful that they could do whatsoever they wished with the people that lived there.

Even the nobility suffered from their strange pranks, and several instances have been recorded where they changed the destinies of Princes and Princesses as well as of Kings and Queens. Yet these fairies could do no lasting harm, and the good deeds they did far exceeded in number their mischievous acts.

The Duchess of Cornwall, who was a very fashionable lady, suffered so many annoyances from the hands of these mysterious creatures, that she spent most of her time upon the water.

One day she entertained a party of ladies in her boat on Lake Dozmaree. The Duchess, who was a great mischief as well as a great talker, sat knitting at one end of the boat. Frequently she would thrust one of her knitting-needles into the lake, saying that she wanted to see how deep the water was.

When the boat had reached the middle of the lake, a man with the body of a fish, and with long hair hanging about his flat face and hiding his fishy eyes, caught hold of the boat and splashed water all over the merry-makers.

"Wicked woman!" he cried, leering at the Duchess, as he rocked the boat until

all the ladies were deathly sick. "With thy knitting-needles thou hast poked out the eyes of my wife and all my children. Because thou hast been so thoughtless, in thy efforts to be funny, I will bewitch thy son. In the future he shall not be able to do as he wishes, but shall do the contrary. If he wishes to eat, he will go to sleep; if he wishes to laugh, he will cry; if he wishes to rest, he will turn somersaults. I cannot alter his heart, but I can make him go against all that his good heart prompts him to do. It will serve thee right for thy carelessness."

The creature vanished, and at the same time the ladies heard a plaintive noise, as if a colony of mussels and oysters were crying and lamenting.

The Duchess, in great alarm, hurried back to the castle to see her little son, who was two years old. She had named him

"WICKED WOMAN!" HE CRIED

Sweet William, because he was such a pretty, modest, and lovable child.

She bade the nurse bring him to her at once. When he saw his mother, the boy wanted to show his affection; but the wicked creature at the bottom of the lake had bewitched him.

When his mother asked him for a kiss, he struck her; when she begged him to say that he was sorry, he declared that he would do it again; and when she told him to go to bed, he crawled into the big chest in the butler's pantry. Never had a child acted so unbecomingly, and never was there one that became more unpopular than Sweet William.

On that same day the King of England had an experience that caused even more unhappiness than that which the poor Duchess was compelled to endure.

He was hunting in the wood, when he became separated from the rest of his party. Tired and hungry, he sat down upon a grassy mound, and took a cold chicken from his wallet.

"How nice it is to be alone!" he said to himself. "Now I can eat in peace. It will be great sport to have my men search all about for me, and they will show great appreciation when they find me."

The King ate his lunch; but when a hungry person eats his dinner alone, he is not so apt to be polite as he is when others are watching him. He ate the cold chicken in a few minutes, throwing the bones on the grass.

Suddenly a queer little woman, who was a pixy not more than a foot tall, stood before him, shaking a stick in his face. The King, who had never known what it

was to see anyone behave in such a manner in his presence, was more amused than shocked.

"Why are you so angry?" he asked, beginning to laugh.

"I will teach you a lesson in manners!" she shrieked at the top of her voice. "Why did you throw bones at my children? One of them is crippled for life, another has a broken head, and the rest are badly bruised."

"I am very sorry," said the King, much astounded.

"You are sitting upon my house, and I hope you will go away at once," she resumed. "It is a shame that my little ones cannot play in the grass without being pelted by chicken bones hurled at them by a big, rude King."

The Ruler of England hastily rose from his comfortable seat, and, to his sur-

prise, saw that the grassy mound was a sod house with tiny doors and windows.

"I beg your pardon, my good woman," said the King, very much humiliated.

"Fy upon you!" cried the pixy, still brandishing her stick. "I will bewitch your daughter that has just been born at St. James's Palace. You shall never see her until she is about to be given in marriage, and she shall be reared by a poor shepherd."

The King, whose feeling of amusement had died away, blew his bugle, and soon all his companions came to his assistance. He told them what the pixy had said, and turned to point out the sod house; but it had disappeared. The pixy had vanished also, and all that could be heard were the plaintive cries of crickets.

When they reached the palace, a herald came riding forth to meet them.

"This is an unhappy day for your Majesty," he groaned, bowing before the King. "An hour ago a little daughter came to your palace, but hardly had the glad tidings been made public, when she was stolen. We have searched the palace from the battlements to the moat, even looking into the cupboards and linen closets, but nowhere can she be found. The Royal Squires are scouring the country to find a trace of her."

Great was the grief of the King when he saw his poor wife, who was weeping bitterly. He told her of his experience in the wood, and she seemed relieved.

"I knew that she was stolen by the elves," she said; "but now I am comforted to know that she will be well cared for and will live to marry"—

"A wood-chopper, probably," interrupted the King. "What would Eng-

land do, if the husband of its future Queen turned out to be a low, common woodsman?"

Meanwhile the little Princess was sailing through the air, well guarded by a party of elves, who were friends of the pixy that lived in the wood. High above the church steeples they flew, on and on over flat moorlands and mountains to the hut of a shepherd, where they swiftly descended, at last dropping their precious burden into a pan of peas.

A good old woman, who was shelling the peas, half asleep, jumped up and cried out in surprise, when she saw a pink baby in her lap. At first she thought that the tiny visitor had come from one of the pods she was opening; and never was a woman more surprised.

"Father, father!" she cried. "Look at the sweet baby that came to me while I

was shelling peas! Bless her dear little heart; she shall be our daughter."

The old shepherd was equally delighted,

DROPPING THEIR PRECIOUS BURDEN INTO A PAN OF PEAS

and beamed with happiness when his good wife stopped her work to make odd little garments for the baby to wear.

"And what shall we name her?" he asked.

"There is only one suitable name in all the kingdom for our little daughter, and that is Sweet Pea," chuckled the good old woman.

So the Princess was reared by the shepherd and his wife, and learned to tend sheep as well as any mountaineer in the country round. Although the good old couple could not afford to buy her many pretty things, they taught her many beautiful lessons of love and sacrifice that possibly she would never have learned in the palace. At night she would read and study, trying to improve her mind as best she could.

Meanwhile Sweet William, although kind at heart, was the worst behaved lad in all England. Not one of the noble maidens liked him, for it is said that when

he courted a lass, he would call her a horse or some other animal instead of calling her a dear. When he tried to dance, he would stand on his head; when he meant to smile sweetly, he would make ugly faces; and when he went to shake hands with his mother's guests, he would box their ears instead. Everyone but his mother believed that he was crazy.

One night the beautiful fairy Morgana, who always favored the Cornish people, came to the Duchess and whispered:

"Scatter fern-seed on the waters of Lake Dozmaree; it is good for blind eyes."

The next day the Duchess and all her ladies went to the wood and gathered ferns. Then they rubbed them between their hands, and took the seed to the lake. When they were in the midst of it, they sprinkled the seed upon the water.

Immediately, the man who was half fish rose from the water and leaned over the boat.

"Because thou hast healed the eyes of my family and restored their sight, I will reward thee," he said to the Duchess. "Thy son shall soon be in manner what he is in heart—but not until he is married."

The Duchess felt very much relieved. So she sent her son to school and later to the Court of St. James, where he could learn good manners and in every way become fitted to rule the Duchy of Cornwall when his father should pass away.

The King had great patience with Sweet William, although the lad slept during dinner and wanted to eat after he had gone to bed. Whenever Sweet William made up his mind to say nothing, but to sit quiet, so as not to make himself

ridiculous, all at once he would begin to sing and turn handsprings.

One day a strange thing happened to Sweet Pea as she was eating her lunch in the pasture. She took an egg from her pail and neatly cut off the ends with a sharp knife. Then she took the delicate skin that lined the egg and made it into a tiny jacket.

She had just finished her pleasant task when she heard a loud, cackling laugh. At the same time the little pixy woman appeared, evidently much pleased about something.

"Give me those two shells, that I may use them for porridge bowls," she said.

"Certainly," replied Sweet Pea, "and here is a tiny jacket that possibly might fit one of your little ones."

"Thank you," cried the pixy, much delighted. "It will fit my youngest child,

and, indeed, he should feel honored to wear a garment made by the future Queen of England."

"I will come every day and make you porridge bowls and jackets" said Sweet Pea, who was always eager to help others.

"Because you have done this, I will tell you who you really are," said the pixy, advancing another step. "You are not a shepherd's child, but the daughter of the King. Here comes your future husband, who is the heir of the Duke of Cornwall. He is bewitched, so pay no heed to what he may say or do."

At that moment Sweet William came riding along. When he saw Sweet Pea, he was bewildered by her beauty.

"Good morning," he said, doffing his hat. "Never before have I seen such an ugly face or such awkward manners."

"Good morning, sir," replied Sweet Pea. "I was thinking the same about yourself."

He leapt from his horse and came close to Sweet Pea, gazing at her with pleading eyes.

At that moment his hounds began to chase the girl's sheep, and a great commotion followed. Instead of calling off his dogs, he made them run down and kill every sheep in the flock.

"Alas! your hounds have killed all my sheep, and my poor father and mother will have no money to keep them through the winter," cried the girl, her eyes filled with tears. "Unless you pay for the loss of their sheep, I will report you to the King."

"I am extremely glad that they killed your sheep," said Sweet William, turning a somersault. "I will not pay for

the damage that my hounds have done, for they were certainly justified in killing your sheep."

HE LEAPT FROM HIS HORSE AND CAME CLOSE TO SWEET PEA

After rudely pulling the girl's hair, he mounted his horse and rode away. Sweet

Pea was so vexed at his conduct that she went to her home, dressed herself in her best gown, and rode on horseback to the palace of the King. She had much difficulty in getting to see him, for the guards thought that she was a beggar.

When the King saw the slender maiden standing before him, so pretty and modest, her face flushed with embarrassment and her long lashes half concealing her eyes, he became very much interested in her; and when he had heard how one of his men had been wantonly rude to her and had made his hounds kill her sheep, he was very angry, indeed.

"I did not mean to complain to your Majesty," she said with a low bow, "but I should like to have my dear old father and mother receive money for the loss they have sustained, as they are very poor."

"You shall have the rascal whose hounds killed your sheep, my sweet lass," said the King, "and you can do with him whatever you please. You may order him to be hanged, if you wish, and I will see that he dangles at the end of a tight rope before sundown."

"I should like to marry the one who has caused me all this suffering," said the maid, blushing rosy red.

The King was surprised, but he laughed long and loudly. Then he turned to his chamberlain and said:

"Send each man of my court to me, one at a time, that I may find out who it was that has caused this maiden so much trouble. If he be a married man, he shall pay her a goodly sum; if he be a bachelor, he shall marry her in my presence today."

One courtier after another was brought

before the King, but Sweet Pea shook her head each time, saying:

"It is not he, your Majesty."

The last one to appear was Sweet William, who looked very guilty and equally as uncomfortable.

"He is the man," said Sweet Pea. "I had quite forgotten that his hair is the color of yellow wheat and his eyes the hue of the anemone. I am very sorry that I have caused your Majesty so much trouble."

In vain Sweet William begged to be released. He offered to pay the girl fifty pounds if she would permit him to go free; but she shook her head.

"I will have you, according to the King's agreement," said the girl firmly, "and the more you protest, the harder it will be for you."

"But I do not love you!" cried Sweet

William. "I hated you the first time I saw you. Never have I seen a girl so ugly."

Nevertheless the King called for his chaplain, and although Sweet William had to be held by six soldiers, the wedding ceremony was performed.

As soon as Sweet Pea touched his hand, Sweet William embraced her rapturously.

"At last the spell is broken," he said, "and the words I speak are those that my heart prompts. I cannot tell you how much I love you, dear little shepherdess, nor can I tell you how happy the sight of your fair face makes me."

At that moment the fairy Morgana appeared and said to the King:

"Fear not that the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall will be displeased at this union; for the girl is nobler born than any of the House of Cornwall."

"How can that be?" asked the King in surprise.

"Because she is your daughter,—the future Queen of England."

Much happiness followed this announcement, and the King and Queen and the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and all the nobility as well as the common people, spent a fortnight in feasting and rejoicing.

Sweet William and Sweet Pea then went to the castle at Cornwall; and, so it has been said, the generous bride threw buns filled with currants out of the stage-coach window to the Cornish peasants as she rode merrily along to her grand new home.

ST. JOHN'S EVE

A SPANISH LEGEND

One of the most beautiful girls that ever lived in Spain was Carmenita Todega. But if Carmenita had been beautiful alone, without possessing a kind disposition and a pure mind and heart, possibly the world would never have heard of her. As it was, her many good qualities quite outshone her beauty of face and form.

While the girl was still very young, her mother died, leaving her in care of an aunt, who lived in the Province of Soria. Carmenita's father, Miguel Todega, loved her tenderly; but he seldom saw her, for his duties kept him in foreign lands.

The girl's aunt, Juanna Todega, was an unlovable, ill-natured woman. She scolded from morning till night, and abused her niece in such a shocking manner that all the neighbors disliked her. She made the girl toil till her hands were blistered, and often beat her with a leather strap to make her work more industriously.

Yet Carmenita never complained, for she thought that if she made the best of things, and was patient, the good fairies would come to her aid.

Every day Juanna sent her niece to the Big Black Mountain, a half mile away, to get water from the spring. The village folk felt very sorry for the poor maid, when they saw her trudging homeward with two big copper jars, bending beneath the weight of the burden.

Most of the villagers were afraid to go

near the Big Black Mountain, lest some enchantment would befall them. It was said that strange voices could be heard among its ghostly trees, and each of its cascades told a story of woe. But Carmenita much preferred the company of the desolate peak to that of her cruel aunt. In fact, she sometimes sat alone at the spring for hours, sewing or knitting, that the children might not see her red, weep-worn eyes.

Not far from the home of Juanna there lived a widow whose first name was Ursula. Although she was a hard-working woman, the noblest blood of Spain coursed in her veins. She had a handsome son named Carlos, who was the beau of the village. All the maidens of wealth and family would have been glad to have him for a husband, but the girl of his choice was Carmenita.

It was on the day before St. John's Eve that Ursula went to the home of Juanna. Carmenita was working in the kitchen, and her aunt was eating her supper alone.

"Good evening, Senora," said Ursula. I came to beg a favor of you."

"What is it?" asked Juanna, more gracious than usual, for she respected Ursula because of her noble blood.

"To-morrow is St. John's Eve," replied the visitor, "and there will be a great ball at the Plaza. All the people for miles around will be there. My son Carlos has begged me to get your permission to take Carmenita with my daughters. I should be so happy to have her as our guest."

"I do not approve of dancing on St. John's Eve," said Juanna; "besides, the girl has no gown that would be good enough to wear to such a place."

"Let her wear her simple white dress and blue bows, and have her arrange her pretty black hair in two braids, and she will be lovelier than the grandest senorita in the land," said Ursula.

"She may go since you wish it," said Juanna with cold politeness, for she felt vexed because Ursula had not asked her to go along.

Carmenita almost wept for joy, when she learned that she was to go to the ball. She was as bright and graceful as a fairy, and she knew that all the lads would beg her to dance with them. She thanked her aunt a dozen times for permitting her to go.

On the next evening she dressed herself in her simple white gown, braided her long black hair, and put on her blue bows. With satisfaction she eyed herself in the mirror, spots of color flaming in

her olive cheeks. Just as she was ready to go to the home of Ursula, her aunt, who had been very cross all day, came into her room.

"There isn't a drop of water in the house," she said sharply. "I can't think of letting you go until you hie to the Big Black Mountain and fill the copper jars at the spring."

"But it is time for the ball, and I must not be late," said Carmenita, all the joy of her young heart dying away.

"I must have a drink, and you shall go to the spring immediately," cried her aunt, stamping her foot. "How dare you refuse to obey me?"

"But it is so dark"—

"And you are a coward," interrupted her aunt. "Surely no one would wish to steal a girl who has neither money nor beauty. I would go myself but I have

on my best gown and do not want to get it splashed with water. Do not stand gaping, but hasten."

Without another protesting word, Carmenita took the copper jars and hurried to the Big Black Mountain.

Ursula and her three daughters waited a long time for Carmenita, but she did not come.

"We will go over to the Plaza and tell Carlos, for he promised to meet us there," said Ursula. "Doubtless the poor girl has had to work for her disagreeable aunt, and will be late."

Carlos was sorely disappointed when he saw that Carmenita had not come with his family. As soon as the ball opened he hastened to the girl's home.

Juanna met him at the door. She was wringing her hands, pulling out her hair, and crying.

"O Carlos, you will never speak to me again," she moaned. "I was unjust to Carmenita many times to-day; and to-night, just as she was ready to go to the ball, I sent her to the Big Black Mountain for water. She has not returned yet, and I fear that the evil spirits have taken her away."

"Why did you not seek her?" asked Carlos, burning with anger.

"I went to the spring a half hour ago," returned Juanna, sobbing bitterly; "the copper jars stood there, filled with water, but nowhere could I find my dear, sweet little niece—the pride of my heart. I shouted again and again at the top of my voice, but the mountains only mocked me. Then I heard the sound of horses' hoofs, and right before me passed a doleful procession. Hundreds of men, dressed in heavy armor, with white handkerchiefs

twisted about their heads, rode slowly along. Their faces were as pale as marble, and they looked straight ahead, not heeding my cries for my lost darling. Oh, what will my brother Miguel say!"

"Wretched woman!" cried Carlos, seizing her arm. "You are the girl's murderer. Do you not know that this is St. John's Eve, and you will never see Carmenita again? She has been stolen. This is the night when all the Moors, that have been buried for many, many years, rise from their resting places to do homage to their King in Granada. I know full well how you have been abusing your niece, and I will tell her father when he comes again. If I do not find her, I will expose you to the public."

"O Carlos, have mercy on me, for the sake of my little darling who has been

"OH, CARLOS, HAVE MERCY ON ME!"

stolen!" cried Juanna, cowering in a corner and weeping still harder.

But Carlos had no pity for the cruel woman. He ran away from her and soon reached the spring at the foot of the Big Black Mountain. The moon was shining, and the great trees looked like giants ready to pounce upon him. When he saw the two copper jars filled with water, he burst into tears. In his grief he shouted at the top of his voice, as he searched all about:

"O Carmenita—Carmenita! Where are you, my beautiful darling!"

But the Big Black Mountain only mocked him, and the leaves of the trees rustled mournfully.

Carmenita was beyond the help of anyone. When she had filled the copper jars at the spring, she heard the tramping of horses' hoofs and the rattling of

armor. Then she beheld the long line of warriors, riding upon their steeds. When she saw their pale set faces, she turned cold with fear and stood as if turned to stone.

Before long a woman advanced from the mighty throng and touched her arm. She was very beautiful, with dark blue eyes and long golden hair that swept the ground; but her face was extremely pale.

"I have been looking for you a long time, Senorita," she said in a weak voice. "No one but you can help me. Do not stop to talk; but come with me, for I need you. I implore you to follow me."

Carmenita, half stunned, followed the beautiful woman almost a mile to the side of a steep mountain, where she entered a dark cavern.

"Shut your eyes and give me your

hand," commanded the woman, "and rest assured that no harm can befall you."

The girl obeyed, shuddering at the cold touch of the hand that held hers. For a long time they wandered in the dense blackness until the woman said:

"Open your eyes. We are now in a place where we can talk without being overheard."

Carmenita found herself in a crystal vault tinted with gold. She was more surprised than frightened, but she did not utter a word.

"Sit down by me and I will tell you my story," said the woman, making room for the girl on a rude bench. "I am sure when you hear it that you will be willing to suffer for my sake. Centuries ago I lived in the flesh. I am Moorish, and I was taken prisoner by the Christians during a great battle. My people could

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"I HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU A LONG TIME"

have redeemed me later, but I had fallen in love with my Christian master and had been married to him. My father, who was a sorcerer, was so angry that he had me bewitched, and when I died shortly after, he decreed that my soul should never find rest until some St. John's Eve. At that time he declared that I might be spared from further wandering, if I could get some pure maiden to kiss me. Will you do this for me? I have been under the spell so long, and no one will assist me."

"I will do what I can to help you, my poor woman," said Carmenita. "I am sure that one so beautiful as you would not wish to do me harm."

"Thank you, dear Senorita," said the woman gratefully. "Hold this golden pitcher tightly. If you should drop it, we would both meet with a terrible fate.

Do not say a word or utter a cry, no matter what may happen. Be brave, my dear child, and heed my advice."

Carmenita took the pitcher and held it firmly. Suddenly the vault darkened, and the beautiful woman turned into a black ape. Ere long the apartment was filled with grinning apes that made all sorts of weird antics and chattered noisily. The pitcher shook in the girl's hands, but she did not let it fall.

But the worst was yet to come. The vault began to grow still darker and the apes turned into dreadful beings with eyes that glowed like fire. They danced all around, as if mocking her, and tried to dash the pitcher from her hands.

Carmenita's terror had reached its height when she heard from above the well-known voice of Carlos, calling piteously:

"O Carmenita—Carmenita! Where are you, my beautiful darling!"

The pitcher shook harder than before, and she was about to cry out; but she remembered her vow and held fast. For another half hour she stood, suffering untold anxiety; then the vault began to grow lighter until the crystal walls gleamed forth again in all their splendor. By her side stood the beautiful woman, her eyes half closed.

"Kiss me," she said in a faint voice. "Then take the golden pitcher with you, for it is your fortune. Thank you, my brave child. May your life be long and happy."

Carmenita kissed her. Immediately she became drowsy, as if overcome by the odor of poppies, and in a few minutes more she found herself lying flat upon her back at the spring beside the two cop-

per jars. In her hands was the golden pitcher, a beautiful vessel, very antique and of oriental workmanship. She thrust her hand into its wide mouth and drew forth a handful of glittering gold coins.

With a happy heart she pressed it to her bosom and hurried home, forgetting all about the jars of water. Dawn was just breaking and the village had not yet broken slumber.

On her way she met Carlos, wan with grief and suspense. He had been seeking her all night long. With a loud cry he clasped her in his arms, and for a long time neither could say a word.

When they reached her gate, she said: "Here is the golden pitcher of fortune that I found in the mountains. Now we can marry, for we shall have all the money we can use, and plenty to give to the poor.

She took from the wide mouth of the pitcher handful after handful of gold coins and filled his pockets.

Carlos became so eager that he, too, thrust his hand into the pitcher, but brought out nothing but a handful of pebbles.

"I understand," said he with a laugh; "no one but the pure in heart can derive any blessing from the golden pitcher of fortune. It belongs to you alone."

Before high noon all the villagers had heard of Carmenita's good luck, and everyone rejoiced with her. When Juanna understood that her niece had become the richest girl in the world, she did everything she could to win her love.

Soon the wedding of Carlos and Carmenita took place. It was the grandest affair that ever had occurred in the Province of Soria, and all the poor people in

the land rejoiced over the beautiful gifts that the generous girl gave them from her pitcher of gold.

But they say that Juanna, who desired money above all things else, tried to steal the pitcher, and consequently was made the laughing-stock of the place. Scarcely had she concealed it under her shawl, when millions of red ants came pouring out and covered her, biting her till she shrieked with pain, and dropped the pitcher.

Carlos became a rich silk manufacturer in Barcelona, and lived for many years in a splendid castle with his beautiful Carmenita, whom even the most noble grandees held in the highest esteem and reverence.

THE PRINCESS OF TRONKO-LAINE

A FRENCH FAIRY TALE

THERE once dwelt in France a coal man who was the father of twenty-five children. He was a poor, hard-working man, but he was honest and loyal to his King.

He had just finished getting his children ready for winter when another child was born to him. Instead of rejoicing, he beat his breast and tore his hair like a mad man.

"What shall I do?" he cried, rushing out upon the street. "Now I have twenty-six children, and I cannot support them."

At that moment the King came riding

by. The coal man, crazed with grief, stopped the carriage and knelt before the King, holding up his hands as if begging for something.

The King was surprised that one of his humble subjects should be so bold as to stop him on the public thoroughfare; but when he saw that the coal man was crying, his pity was touched.

"Here is some money," said the King, throwing some coins to the coal man. "Take it and make yourself comfortable."

"No, no, your Majesty, I do not crave gold!" cried the coal man.

"Then what do you want?" asked the King still more surprised.

"I want you to be godfather to my twenty-sixth child, a son born this morning," returned the coal man, not knowing what he was saying.

The King laughed heartily and said:

"THEN WHAT DO YOU WANT?" ASKED THE KING

"What a fortunate man you are to have twenty-six children, when I, your King, would be happy to have one. Bring the baby to church to-morrow, and I will be his godfather."

The coal man was beside himself with joy. When he told his good wife of his conversation with the King, she did not believe him.

"Alas! this twenty-sixth child has turned your brain," she said. "How will you act when the twenty-seventh one is born?"

On the next day the coal man, carrying his twenty-sixth child, and followed by all the others, entered the King's church and marched up to the altar. There he was met by the King, who became the godfather of the boy and named him Louis.

"Here is a bag of gold to be used in educating my godchild," said the King, giving the coal man more money than the poor soul had ever dreamed of seeing. "Send him to school as soon as he reaches the age of ten, and when he is eighteen, send him to my court in Paris. Here is half of a gold coin, which he must bring with him to prove that he is my godchild. I will keep the other half."

The coal man took the half coin, and, falling upon his knees, thanked his sovereign for the great honor he had bestowed upon him and his youngest child.

Louis was educated as the King had requested, and at eighteen he set out for Paris, riding upon an old horse that had done nothing but haul coal for many years.

While making his way over the loose

cobblestones of a street in the outskirts of the city, he met an old woman that looked like a witch.

"Good morning, Godchild of the King," said she.

Louis was too much surprised to reply.

"You will soon come to a spring at the roadside," she continued. "Some one will want you to get down from your horse to quench your thirst, but you must not heed him."

Louis thanked her for her advice, and rode on; but hardly had he gone a hundred yards when a rough boy in dirty garments cried out:

"Good morning, Godchild of the King. Pray get down from your horse and quench your thirst at this spring; the water is delicious."

Louis was very thirsty, but he did not dare disobey the witch. Finally the rough

HE MET AN OLD WOMAN THAT LOOKED LIKE A WITCH

boy, after coaxing for a long time, told him that he had been his classmate at school years before and no harm could come of their drinking together. Louis did not want to be rude, so he got down from his horse and bent over the spring to take a drink.

Quick as a flash the rough boy took away Louis' pocketbook, which contained the half coin the King had given him, and with a loud cry pushed Louis head first into the bubbling spring. Then he mounted Louis' horse and rode to the King's court as fast as he could go.

The godchild of the King soon got out of the spring, and stood shivering and dripping by the roadside. He was very sorry he had not taken the advice of the old woman; but, being a brave youngster, he trudged on till he reached the King's palace.

What was his disappointment to see the King shaking hands with the rough boy, and giving him his blessing.

"I am your godchild! I am your godchild!" cried poor Louis, rushing between them. "This lad stole the half coin you gave me."

"He is but a poor country fellow I met on my way to the palace," said the rough boy. "Do not pay heed to what he says, for he cannot speak the truth."

"I will give you work about the stables," said the King, turning to Louis;" but you must not associate with my godchild here, for he is to be King some day and must not spend his time with street urchins like you."

He took Louis to the stables and gave him a menial position. Then he took the rough boy to the palace and dressed him

in elegant clothes. You may imagine how grieved Louis was, but he made up his mind to be brave and to trust to Providence. He set to work cleaning the stables, while the rough boy arrayed himself in his new finery and prepared to meet the King's court at dinner.

Days passed by, and finally the rough boy became uneasy lest Louis would convince the King that he was mistaken in his godchild, so he began to use deceit in order to get rid of Louis.

"Godfather," said the rough boy one morning," your stable boy brags so much that I can hardly bear to see him!"

"What is he bragging about?" asked the King.

"Only to-day he boasted that he would go to ask the Sun why he is so red when he rises in the morning."

The King laughed heartily, for he believed that the new stable boy was weak-minded.

"I will cure him of his boasting," he said. "I will order him to begone at once and find out why the Sun is so red when he rises in the morning; I am really curious to know about it."

Louis, with tears in his eyes, declared that he had never made such a foolish statement; but in spite of his pleadings the King ordered him to visit the Sun.

Louis wandered slowly along until he came to the seashore where he met an old man with a long white beard.

"Where are you going, my boy?" asked the old man.

"I am sure I do not know," replied Louis sadly. "I was told that under pain of death I should find out from the Sun why he is so red when he rises in the morn-

ing; but I do not know how to get to the Sun."

"I will help you," said the old man, who was a great magician. "Take this wooden horse. It will rise in the air at your command and carry you to the foot of a great mountain, on the summit of which is the castle of the Sun. Leave the horse at the foot of the mountain and climb to the castle."

Louis mounted the queer-looking wooden horse that the old man gave him, and began to rise rapidly, far above the earth, until he reached a great blue space filled with stars and other heavenly bodies. Then it began to grow brighter and brighter until Louis could scarcely see at all. At last the wooden horse stopped at the base of a mountain. Louis dismounted and climbed to the castle of the

Sun, which was covered with diamonds and other precious stones. A woman met him at the door.

"Is my lord, the Sun, at home?" asked Louis.

"Nay, my boy; but he will return soon, Won't you come in?" said the woman.

Louis entered the great hall and sat down to rest. In a short time the Sun opened the door and showed his big, red face. Some writers say that he was very anxious to eat Louis, and that the good woman threatened to whip him if he did any harm to the boy; but most folk-lore students agree that the Sun is far too good-natured to harm a boy that went so far to visit him.

"What do you want?" asked the Sun.

"The King of France sent me to ask you why you look so red when you rise

in the morning?" asked Louis, almost as red as the Sun because of his embarrassment.

"Because the castle of the Princess of Tronkolaine is near here, and she is so beautiful that I have to show myself in all my splendor so as not to be surpassed by her," answered the Sun.

Louis thanked him for his kindness and, after going down the mountain, mounted his wooden horse and descended to the earth. In a short time he found himself before the stables of the King of France. The wooden horse disappeared.

Louis hastened to the King and told him why the Sun was so red when he rose in the morning. The King smiled and seemed to be satisfied with the boy's answer.

On the following day the rough boy,

wishing to do Louis more harm, went to the King, and said:

"Godfather, I cannot longer endure the boasting of your new stable boy."

"What has he been saying?" asked the King.

"He boasts that he will bring the Princess Tronkolaine to the court of France to be your wife," answered the rough boy.

"He must do it then or death will be his portion!" cried the King, who at once was seized with a desire to marry the beautiful princess.

Forthwith he went to the stables and commanded Louis to bring the Princess Tronkolaine to his palace to become his wife, or else lose his head.

Poor Louis, more disheartened than ever, set forth again, not knowing whither he went. As before he met the old magician, who said:

"Good morning, my boy. Why do you look so sad?"

"The King of France has sent me to bring the Princess Tronkolaine to his court to be his wife," replied Louis.

"That can be easily done, if you follow my directions," said the magician. "Go tell the King to have a ship loaded with wheat, bacon, beef, and other provisions, to distribute among the kings of the ants, sparrow-hawks, and lions, which you shall meet. If you feast them, they will be useful to you. Set sail at once, and the fairies will guide your ship to the coast of Tronkolaine."

Louis returned to the King and asked for a ship loaded with wheat, bacon, beef, and other provisions. At first the King refused him, but seeing how earnest the boy was, he gave him what he desired.

"Come not back without the Princess

Tronkolaine or death will be your portion," were the King's last words.

The old magician was at the seashore when Louis went aboard his ship, and gave him a white stick which he said would insure him favorable winds and a safe voyage.

No sooner was the ship beyond the sight of land than she began to move as swiftly as a chain of lightning. In a very short time she stopped at an enchanted island of matchless loveliness. In its centre was a magnificent castle surrounded with trees. Never before had Louis seen such an ideal country.

He jumped ashore and hastened to the castle, meeting no one on the way. In the stone court was a large fountain, by the side of which he saw a beautiful woman. She was combing out her long golden hair with an ivory comb.

"Welcome, Louis, Godson of the King of France," she said, smiling sweetly. "I have been waiting for you. I am the Princess of Tronkolaine."

SHE WAS COMBING OUT HER LONG GOLDEN HAIR

She rose and led him to a banqueting room where she served him with choice meats and fruits. The Princess was so entertaining and so wonderfully beautiful that Louis stayed at her castle two weeks before asking if she would go with him to the court of the King of France.

"I will go anywhere with you, Louis," she said, "but I can't leave until you do some work for me."

"What shall I do?" asked Louis.

She led him to her stables and showed him an immense pile of mixed grain.

"Here is a pile of wheat, rye, and barley," said she. "I want them all separated into three piles by sunset. If they are all properly sorted, grain by grain, I will go with you to the court of France."

The Princess went away, and Louis sat down to think out a way to do the work. He seized the white stick the old magician had given him, and immediately the king of the ants appeared.

"If you will give me wheat for my people, I will separate the grain for you," said the ant.

"If you will separate this grain into three piles before sunset, I will give you

all the wheat in my ship," said Louis filled with joy.

In less time than it takes to tell it, thousands of ants began to separate the grain, and Louis, as he had promised, went to the ship and got the grain for the king of the ants.

When the Princess Tronkolaine returned to the granary and saw the cereals divided into three heaps, she was very much astonished.

"Now you will surely go with me to the court of France, fair Princess!" cried Louis, much delighted.

"There is another duty that you must first perform," said the Princess, who had been sorting over the rye to see that no other grains were mixed with it. "I will tell you about it to-morrow."

On the next day she gave him a small wooden ax, and led him to a broad oak

avenue leading to the rear of the castle.

"You must cut down all these trees by sunset," she said as she walked away.

Louis thought it a great pity to cut down the great trees that looked as though they had been growing there for centuries. He also saw how impossible it was for him to cut them down with a toy ax. But just at the right time the king of the lions came along.

"I will cut down the oak trees for you, if you will give me plenty of beef," said the lion king.

"If you and your subjects will cut down the trees by sunset, I will give you all the beef my ship contains," replied Louis joyfully.

In a twinkling all the lions and lionesses of the jungle appeared and began to gnaw down the oaks. By sunset the en-

tire avenue of trees had been leveled to the ground.

The Princess Tronkolaine came to see how Louis had succeeded and was more astonished than before.

"Now you surely will go with me to the court of France, beautiful Princess Tronkolaine!" cried Louis, dancing and laughing for joy.

"I have one more task for you to do," she replied gravely. "If you will perform it, I will pledge my word that I will go with you to the court of France. Tomorrow I will tell you about it."

On the morrow the Princess Tronkolaine went to Louis and said:

"Yonder mountain stands before my palace, making it impossible for me to see the ocean. I want you to cause the mountain to disappear; the task must be done by sunset."

THE KING OF THE SPARROW HAWKS APPEARED

The Princess Tronkolaine withdrew, and Louis sat down for a time, hoping that some good fairy would advise him what to do. He happened to touch the white stick again, and the king of the sparrow-hawks appeared.

"I will have the mountain removed, if you will give me a large quantity of bacon," said the sparrow-hawk.

"You may have all the bacon my ship contains, and welcome, if you will remove the peak of yonder mountain so it will not spoil the Princess Tronkolaine's view of the ocean," said Louis eagerly.

Immediately millions of sparrow-hawks flew overhead like a dense black cloud. They settled down upon the mountain, and with their beaks and claws tore away the dirt and stones until it was as flat as the seashore.

The Princess Tronkolaine returned at

sunset, and was more astonished than ever.

"You have not your equal on earth, Prince Louis," she said. "I will follow you wherever you wish me to go, for I shall be proud to be the companion of one so great as you. To-morrow we shall set sail for France."

On the following morning Louis took his white stick, and, before the enchanted island was astir, he and the Princess Tronkolaine set sail for France. Hardly had they entered the vessel when the Princess threw the key to her castle into the water.

After a voyage that seemed all too short, they arrived at France. The first one to meet them was the old magician, who was much pleased when he saw Louis and the beautiful Princess from the enchanted island. He gave them his bless-

ing and said that their lives would be useful and happy.

The palace was wild with excitement when the King and his courtiers learned that the stable boy had returned with the wealthiest and most beautiful princess in the universe—one whom even the Sun envied.

The King attired himself in his costliest robe and ascended his throne, the rough boy, or false godchild, standing beside him, almost as gorgeously dressed.

Before long the Princess Tronkolaine entered in a dazzling gown, costly jewels sparkling in her hair and upon her shapely arms. She was led by Louis, who was the handsomest young man in all the world, in garments more elegant than those worn by the King.

As soon as the King saw the Princess, he was foolish with love of her. Instead

of waiting for her to kneel to him, he jumped from his throne and bowed before her, begging her to be his wife.

"What! marry an old man like you?" she asked, drawing back. "I wish to marry your godson, for he is the only man great enough to wed one of the House of Tronkolaine. Here is your godson. He was once your stableboy—shame to you! The false creature that stands by your side is a demon. Cast him into prison at once, for he has deceived you and has made your real godson very unhappy."

Without asking any questions, the King ordered the rough boy to be carried off to prison, where later he met a terrible fate.

The King begged his stable boy's pardon, and again asked the Princess to be his wife; but she said that she would have no husband but Louis.

Accordingly, the King consented to their marriage, and planned a week of feasting and rejoicing. Never before or since has the court of France been so gay.

In a short time the King died, and his godson Louis came to the throne. He at once sent for his parents and his twenty-five brothers and sisters, and gave them important positions in court. He and the Princess Tronkolaine ruled for many years, and their lives were useful and happy, just as the old magician had prophesied.

THE TIDE JEWELS

A JAPANESE MYTH

ONE of the cleverest women that ever lived in Japan, the "Land of the Gods," was the Empress Jingu. She was so tactful that all the gods of the earth, the sea, and the heavens became her friends and blest her with magical gifts.

She was also very beautiful, for it is said that her face was oval like the seed of a melon, her nose was aquiline, her eyes were dark and almond-shaped, her eye-lashes were long and silky, her hair was black and luxuriant, and her lips were full and rosy.

Her husband, who was the Fourteenth Mikado, was very proud of her; but he

had very strong ideas of his own that Jingu could not control. In fact he always opposed her in every discussion that came up between them.

One time a rebellion broke out among the natives, and the Mikado himself went with the army to engage in battle. The Empress Jingu went along, and with her maids spent the time in a large tent at the edge of the battlefield. Her husband had ordered the tent to be hung with curtains of silk and gold, and the ground was covered with costly Oriental rugs.

One night, as Jingu lay sleeping in her elegant apartment, a vision came to her that filled her with wonder. It seemed that a beautiful being, surrounded with a halo of silvery light, stood at her bedside. Jingu rubbed her eyes and sat up, to be sure that she was not dreaming.

"Fear not, Empress," said the radiant

visitor. "Thou hast the courage of a man, and thou alone canst perform deeds that will some day make Japan the greatest nation on earth. There is a land not far to the west that thy people have never seen. If thou wilt invade it, thou wilt become rich with gold, silver, jewels, and silk. But first thou must get from the Great Dragon King of the World, whose castle is in the bottom of the sea, his two precious tide jewels. Tell thy husband to cease fighting at home, and to go to conquer Corea."

The silvery vision died away into a purple cloud and disappeared. Jingu was so much impressed by the wonderful revelation that she went to see the Mikado at daybreak.

When he heard her story, he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

"Thou hast been dreaming," he said.

"What do we care about Corea? I doubt if there is any such country."

"I was not dreaming," persisted Jingu. "Pray, good husband, stop this senseless war and join all thy friends and foes together that they may go to this land of wonderful wealth."

The Mikado climbed a tree close by and strained his eyes to look at the western horizon.

"There is no country in the west called Corea, as I cannot see it," he said with his usual stubbornness; for he did not believe anything existed unless he could see it.

"Heed the words of the Divine Messenger, and let us be off," insisted Jingu.

But the Mikado only set his teeth firmly together and walked away. Jingu returned to her tent and wept bitterly.

That day a great battle occurred, in

which the Mikado lost his life. The Empress was filled with grief, and lamented because her husband had not heeded her advice.

All the Japanese generals and captains declared their loyalty to the Empress Jingu, and hailed her as their chief ruler.

No sooner had she assumed control of affairs than she at once planned to conquer Corea. All her soldiers were eager to go to that mysterious land and enrich themselves with the spoils they were sure to obtain.

One morning the Empress Jingu put on her costliest gown and most splendid jewels and went down to the seashore, where she called upon all the gods of the mountains, the sea, the rivers, and the plains.

They appeared, and promised to grant her a safe and successful expedition.

The gods of the mountains gave her iron and timber to build ships, the gods of the grasses gave her heavy cordage, the gods of the fields gave her rice and other cereals, and the gods of the winds promised to open and fill the sails of her vessels.

But Isora, the god of the seashore, did not appear. Again and again she called upon him, and set up torches to attract him. Isora, who was very lazy and slovenly, finally rose from the bottom of the sea, covered with mud and slime, and with shells and seaweed in his hair.

"What do you want?" he asked sleepily as well as ungraciously.

"I command you to go to the Great Dragon King of the World, whose palace is in the bottom of the sea," said Jingu. "Tell him that I must have his two tide jewels, which I will return when I am

ISORA VANISHED BUT SOON RETURNED WITH A CASKET

done with them. Fetch them to me at once."

Isora vanished, but soon returned with a casket. Jingu opened it and discovered two precious stones shaped like apricots. They were very brilliant, and in each, three rings had been cut near the top. One was the ebb-tide and the other the flood-tide jewel. She placed them in her girdle, never before so much filled with gratification.

At last she set out with three thousand barges to conquer Corea. The voyage was a most delightful one, for it is said that the wind gods sent sharks and whales to push the vessels along, and to bear them up whenever the water was rough.

But the Coreans had heard that the Japanese were coming to conquer and rob them, and their fleet was in the harbor ready to meet them. However, the Em-

press Jingu only laughed when she saw their tri-angular banners with their heavy fringes, and sailed boldly ahead.

When they were within shouting distance, she posted all her archers in the bows of the vessels, and told them to wait patiently until she gave them a signal to open fire.

The Corean galleys began to advance, almost side by side; but when their archers were ready to shoot, the Empress Jingu took from her girdle the flashing ebb-tide jewel and cast it into the sea. No sooner had it touched the water than the sea seemed to dry up. The Corean galleys were all stranded, and great was the commotion that followed.

"It is a tidal wave!" cried the King of Corea, who was in the largest vessel. "There is no water to be seen anywhere. Now is the time to charge upon our foes,

for doubtless they are more confused than we."

Forthwith, the Corean soldiers hastened from the galleys and advanced to board the Japanese vessels. But the Empress Jingu took from her girdle the flood-tide jewel and threw it overboard.

Great waves as high as mountains sprang up and destroyed the Corean army, only a few of them being able to swim ashore.

"My plan has indeed worked well," said the Empress Jingu;" but I wish that the Great Dragon King of the World would send back the tide jewels to me, that I might always keep them in my girdle."

The Japanese army landed, conquered Corea, and filled the three thousand barges with gold, silver, jewels, and precious stones. Before returning to Japan they gave Jingu a great reception, at which

they named her "Daughter of the Gods."

But the ambitious woman was not satisfied. She wanted her little son to possess the tide jewels that he might conquer all the nations of the earth when he became a man.

Accordingly she bade her prime minister put on his robes of state and take the baby out upon the water, then call forth the Great Dragon King of the World and ask him for the jewels she so much desired.

The prime minister, carrying the little boy, went out on one of the barges, and shouted:

"Come forth, Great Dragon King of the World, from thy palace in the bottom of the sea! Behold the future Mikado of Japan! Give unto him the tide jewels that have made our country famous. Grant that year by year our lovely

land shall grow and prosper, until some day she shall be the greatest nation in all the world."

For a time there was no answer. Then they saw through the dull green waves two fiery eyes glowing brighter and brighter. At last a great dragon with glittering scales appeared; but it proved to be only the living crest of the Great Dragon King of the World himself, who was of enormous size, but handsome and graceful.

He gave to the prime minister the two tide jewels reposing in a haliotis shell.

"Take these jewels quickly," he said, "for I do not desire to remain long in this upper world of mortals. Japan is the Divine Country, and it is fitting that the Imperial Prince, of the heavenly line of Mikados, should receive them. He shall have a long and useful life. To

him and his countrymen shall come power over land and sea."

The great being then vanished, while the waters splashed and roared, drenching the entire land.

Great was the happiness of the Empress Jingu, who lived to see her son become a wise and good Mikado. He lived to be 111 years old, and prophesied concerning the future greatness of Japan, the "Land of the Gods."

To this day there are Japanese soldiers that honor him as the patron of war, and pray to him as the ruler of battle.

ELVES OF THE RHINELAND

A GERMAN FAIRY TALE

MARTIN and Brigitta were a thrifty couple that, by dint of hard work, had won for themselves a comfortable livelihood.

They rented from an old nobleman a fertile piece of land in northern Germany, which yielded them each year an abundant harvest. They lived in a white frame house on top of a hill, and felt quite safe from danger. On one side of the hill was a vineyard; on the other, a garden of beautiful flowers; while at the foot of the hill on all sides was a cherry orchard. A high white fence surrounded their estate.

From their home on top of the hill they could get a good view of the forest; but no one in the neighborhood would set foot inside of this great wilderness, for a band of gypsies that stole live stock and did all sorts of mischief, lived on its outskirts in dingy shanties. No one ventured near them, although they could not keep from hearing the barking of their big dogs at all hours.

Martin and Brigitta were indeed happy when a little daughter came to help them enjoy their prosperity. She was such a sweet and lovable little creature that they named her Mary. Although she was as bright and active as any child in the land, she did not grow as fast as most children do.

One day, when Mary was not more than eight years old, something happened that caused her parents great sorrow.

She was playing in the orchard with a neighbor boy named Andres, picking the crimson cherries and shouting merrily, when her companion said to her:

"Let us run a race to that large pine tree that stands on the hill a quarter of a mile away."

"We must not do that," replied Mary. "Never have I been beyond this fence, for mother is afraid that the bad gypsies will catch me."

"There is no danger," declared Andres with the air of a boy who thinks that he knows as much as his elders. "If you will not run a race, I shall think that you were afraid I might have beaten you. Girls are not good runners, as a rule; but you are as swift as a boy. Let us try it."

Mary for a long time had longed to get beyond the fence, so, before she had time to think twice about it, she replied:

"I will beat you; for no clumsy boy can beat a girl running, when she tries her best."

Laughing merrily, they unlatched the high gate and went out upon the highway. In a few moments they were running towards the big pine tree. But Mary soon found herself far behind, as Andres kept gaining with each step that he took.

When she came to the bridge, a dog barked at her. Then she thought of the gypsies, and grew very much frightened. She did not stay in the main road, but turning to the left, soon found herself in the great forest.

Instead of meeting a band of gypsies she saw a beautiful sight that always remained fresh in her memory.

Scores of lovely children with bright golden hair, and eyes of blue, brown, and hazel, were running about in a garden of

flowers. Red and blue butterflies flitted among the roses and lilies that towered above the heads of the little ones. Some of the children were rolling hoops, others were playing with tops or dolls, and all were laughing and singing merrily.

As Mary stood gazing in rapture at them, the prettiest girl in the group came running to her and took her by the hand.

"Welcome, little girl! What is your name?" she cried.

"My name is Mary, and I live in that white frame house yonder on the hill," replied Mary.

"Then you are not one of us," said the girl, looking disappointed, "yet you are the daintiest, prettiest mortal I ever saw, and I like you very much."

"But what is your name?" asked Mary.

"I am called Zerina and I am an elf," replied the girl. "Sometimes our good

MARY STOOD GAZING IN RAPTURE AT THEM

King permits mortal boys and girls that are good to live among us until they get old enough to put on airs; then he sends them back home."

"I should like to live with you awhile," said Mary, quite delighted with the shuttlecocks and dolls and other pretty toys with which the children were playing.

"Then you must promise me one thing," said Zerina. "Never tell any man or woman that Elfland is in the midst of this great forest; for they may want to come and see us, and we will have to move elsewhere. No mortal man or woman can gaze upon us without bringing us great sorrow; but innocent children are always welcome."

"I will never tell anybody," said Mary earnestly, "and I will never permit a man or a woman to look at an elf, if I can prevent it."

"Then come on, dearest Mary, and be happy," said Zerina joyously. "Whenever you do not know whether you are sad or happy, you must sing as loud as you can, and you will soon find out that you are very happy."

"Mother and father said that wicked gypsies live in the forest," said Mary.

"They live at the edge of the wood," answered Zerina, "and we are very glad that they do; because they keep away hunters and other wicked mortals. If the gypsies were driven away, we would have to go, too."

"But are you not afraid of them?" asked the little mortal girl.

"No, indeed," replied Zerina. "They are too wicked to see us, and therefore they can do us no harm."

Mary soon became acquainted with the children, and they romped and sang for

hours, occasionally stopping to eat delicious fruits and to rest among the flowers.

Zerina was a wonderful elf maiden, for she could plant seeds of gold in the soil and cause beautiful flowers to grow instantly. She, with several others, would climb like squirrels to the tops of the tall trees, and, when they fell to the ground, they bounded like ivory balls, but nothing seemed to hurt them. Although they played rather boisterously at times, there was no quarreling amongst them. No one gave a saucy word to another, and the older boys and girls were kind to the younger ones. In fact, they did not know how to tattle and make mischief, for they had never lived amongst grown people.

At dusk a beautiful woman in a gown of gold came to tell them that if they wished to keep fresh and strong, they must not forget to go to sleep early. So

all the children followed her, except Zerina and Mary, who entered the open door of a great marble building. Mary was amazed at the round hall through which they were passing. Above them was a great dome, filled with stars that shone as brightly as the sun, and all about her sat beautiful elderly ladies with kind faces and snowy hair.

"Those dear mortal ladies are mothers who are allowed to come to Elfland to rest, for they get little rest at home," explained Zerina. "They do not dare to speak to us. You see the King does not want us to know anything about the wicked mortals that worry and fret and sometimes kill their best friends. No mortal man can come here. Now, dear Mary, promise me again that you will never tell any mortal man or woman about Elfland, and where it is situated."

Mary repeated her promise once more, and at the same time they passed through a hall filled with palms and flowers, and went down a flight of stairs to a dark room.

Hundreds of dwarfs were sorting out gold and silver coins and placing them in sacks; others were piling up the sacks at the far end of the room. The dwarfs had long noses and queer little eyes that twinkled merrily. Mary thought them very interesting, and was about to speak to one of them when Zerina told her to look at the Metal Prince, who was an old man with a gray beard and long white hair.

Mary wanted to ask the Metal Prince all about himself and his band of workers; but her eyes happened to fall upon a large placard, which contained these words in gold letters:

"Little Children Should Be Seen And Not Heard."

Zerina again took her hand and they ascended the stairs and passed out through a rear door to a park with grass that looked like velvet. In its midst was a beautiful lake that shone in the moonlight. Upon its smooth surface hundreds of the older boys and girls were riding hither and thither in silver canoes. Some of them wore sedge and water-lily garlands and made whistling noises by blowing through shells.

Among many other remarkable things that Mary saw were the fire children. Zerina knocked at the door of a great rock, and was admitted by a woman that was red to the tips of her fingers. They went up a flight of winding stairs to a long, circular hall that was brilliantly lighted.

Against the wall hung magnificent tapestries, upon which were pictured thousands of beautiful children.

Mary was amazed to see that they were all dancing about, playing flutes or twining garlands about their necks. All of them glowed brightly, as if they were in the light of the sun.

"Do not touch any of them," said Zerina, pulling her back. "If you do, you will burn your hands. You see they are fire children, just as you are a child of the air. You are quite as strange to them as they are to you."

When they reached the park once more, the moon was not shining so brightly, and nightingales and other birds were singing lullabies that made them feel sleepy.

"Isn't it time to go to bed?" asked Mary.

"I never heard of a bed," laughed Ze-

rina. "You mortals have some very queer sayings. If you are tired, perhaps we would better go to sleep."

They entered a beautiful grove where hundreds of children were lying about on mossy mounds and at the foot of trees, sleeping sweetly. Zerina and Mary found a soft bed in a tangle of ferns and lay down to rest, soon falling asleep.

Mary was awakened at sunrise by the shouting and singing of happy children. Zerina was bending over her with fruits that looked far more tempting than any breakfast muffins she had ever seen. They ate heartily, and then washed their hands at the brook.

"Now let us go up the vine hill to see the sentinels of Elfland," said Zerina. "These good creatures guard our happy land by day and by night."

Mary never before or since saw such

odd-looking creatures as the sentinels were. They had faces like white owls, and they stared at her with their big yellow eyes until she grew embarrassed. They were dressed in long cloaks of shaggy wool, and held fans made from the wings of bats. Each of them also held over his head a big umbrella covered with the skins of wild animals.

"Should any mortal attempt to enter Elfland, one look at our brave sentinels would change his mind," laughed Zerina. "Their umbrellas are so large that they keep the rain from falling on the park; consequently we never have to stay indoors."

So the days passed quickly by; for when people have nothing to do but to enjoy themselves, time passes all too swiftly.

One morning while they were playing in the park, a bird, almost as large as an

eagle, flew over their heads, and, after circling about for some time, lit upon a glittering crown that tipped the arch of one of the great windows in the marble castle.

The bird was purple and green and its head was golden in the sunlight; its beak was red, and its claws were blue. After looking all about, it began to sing a melody, so sweet that every child bowed to the earth and remained quiet until the last strain had died away; then they all rose and looked at the bird as it flew away, their faces shining with happiness.

"Why are they all so delighted?" asked Mary.

"Because the King is coming," replied Zerina, likewise thrilled with joy. "Wherever he turns his face there is happiness. The bird that you have just seen is called a phœnix, and it dwells in Arabia. When-

ever it feels that it is growing old, it does not worry about it, but builds a pile of balm and incense, sets fire to it, and dies singing. From the ashes the phœnix soars again, more beautiful than ever. We are always glad to have the bird visit us, for it is a herald of the King."

At that moment the lady in the gold robe came to them and said sweetly:

"Zerina, it can no longer be concealed that Mary is a mortal. See how tall she has grown. Take her to the edge of Elfland and bid her goodby, for the King is coming to hold court for twenty years. Take this ring, dear Mary, and do not forget us; but, above all things else, do not betray us to any mortal man or woman."

Mary took the little gold ring and, for the first time since they had met, the two girls wept.

"I should be glad to have you remain, and sit in the great round hall with the mortal ladies that come here to rest; but you are far too young and active to keep from talking," sobbed Zerina. "Besides, your poor parents must have grown quite uneasy about you. Perhaps they are thinking that the gypsies stole you."

"I never thought of that," said Mary. "I must hasten home. Shall I ever meet you again?"

"Never more," said Zerina sadly, "for, indeed, you have grown to be quite a woman; goodby."

In a short time Mary was out of the forest, hastening to her home on top of the hill. But she observed that the country looked strange. Many new houses had sprung up and, as she climbed the hill, she noticed that the house in which she lived had been painted green.

She entered without knocking and saw her father, bent and gray, sitting at the table. Beside him sat an old lady who had been weeping. A handsome young man was with them, his face very sad and his eyes brimming with tears.

"Alas! it was all my fault," he was saying, "for it was I that coaxed her to run a race."

"Father! father!" cried the startled girl, as she threw herself into his arms. "Where is my mother?"

"Why, it's our Mary!" cried Martin, straining her to his bosom and kissing her again and again. "Here is your mother and Andres. We've been waiting for you seven long years."

Great was the joy that filled their hearts as Mary flew to her mother and covered her worn face with kisses.

"We have scoured the country over and over again to find you," said Andres. "Did the wicked gypsies steal you?"

Mary, remembering her solemn promise, said after a time:

"Yes, I was stolen; but I escaped, and have come back to my father and mother to comfort them in their old age. I never dreamed that I had been gone seven years, and—I never knew until to-day that I am a young woman."

Two years passed away, and Mary, whose beauty and refinement had made her the talk of the country, became a great friend of the nobleman and his wife. Many suitors came to propose marriage, but she decided that she would have no one but Andres for a husband.

So they were quietly married, and soon after went to live in a cottage not far

from her old home on the hill. In a year they had a daughter whom Mary named Elfrida in honor of the elves.

Elfrida was much like her mother, and when she was scarcely seven years old she preferred to play by herself in a deserted hut at the end of their garden.

One day Mary thought she would surprise her, and find out how the child amused herself. She peeped through the window of the hut and saw Elfrida sitting upon the floor, weaving a garland of forget-me-nots. Mary could hardly believe her eyes when she beheld Zerina playing with her.

"Dear Elfrida," said Zerina, "as I play with you, I often think of your dear mother who is lost to me forever more. Would that you could be a child always. But alack! you will become old and wise, too, as all mortals do."

"Yes, for my father and mother and grandparents expect great things of me," replied Elfrida gloomily. "They say that parents always try to make their children wiser than they themselves are. How I wish that we could always be children together! The ripe apple is useful, but it is not half so pretty as the apple blossom. May I go along with you to Elfland?"

"No; it would grieve your mother to part with you," said Zerina, kissing her. "I will come to see you every day, but you must not break your promise. I hope you may be as constant as your dear mother has been to me."

"How beautiful are these garlands!" exclaimed Elfrida. "How sad it is that they must wither and die!"

"These will not wither until the snow comes," said Zerina, "for I will kiss them all."

For hours they chatted innocently away until Zerina said that she must go back to Elfland.

When Elfrida returned to the house, her mother caught her in her arms and kissed her, but said nothing.

The next day Andres came home long before supper-time. He was very angry about something and scowled heavily.

"What is the matter?" asked Mary in alarm.

"Those gypsy vagabonds have become so bold that we have banded together to fight them," he said. "We are going to-night to drive them away, set fire to their shanties, and kill all their dogs."

"Oh, you must not—you must not!" cried Mary, pale with alarm.

But Andres was determined. His wife pleaded with him to turn the wrath of their neighbors and thus permit the gyp-

sies to live in peace. At last he became vexed with her.

"If you destroy the gypsies, the elves will also leave the great forest and"—

Then she burst into tears, for she had broken her promise to Zerina.

"Are you crazy?" asked Andres, looking at her in surprise.

Mary begged him to follow her and to make no noise. They stole quietly to the hut at the end of the garden and peeped through the window. There sat Elfrida, as usual, at play with Zerina.

When Andres saw the beautiful elf kissing his daughter and twining a wreath of lilies-of-the-valley in her curls, he uttered an exclamation of surprise. Zerina turned and saw them. Her pained expression, as her eyes fell upon Mary, haunted the woman as long as she lived.

"Goodby, dear Elfrida," said the elf,

with tears in her eyes as she kissed her. "I will never never come again, and your land will be blighted with want and suffering; for mortals will never have good sense, no matter how wise they think themselves. I must suffer, as all who love mortals must suffer. Alas! the wicked world has no place for Elfland."

Then she turned into a raven and flew away, giving hoarse cries of distress.

Mary and Elfrida, in each others' arms, wept until their eyes were red and swollen; for the one beautiful tie that had bound them both to a world of peace and innocence had been broken.

In spite of the prayers of Andres, the gypsies were driven from the forest that night with clubs and torches. But no sooner had they left than a blight fell upon the land that lasted for many years. The grass refused to grow, the trees and

vines no longer bore fruit, and the brook became cold and sluggish.

On that eventful night Andres and Mary could see by the light of the torches that all their crops were withering away, and well they knew that the enchantment of the elves had vanished with the departure of the gypsies. To add to their woe, Elfrida was stolen from her crib that same night, and never came back to them.

Many years later an old ferryman told the story of the terrible night that Elfland fell in ruins, when thousands of beautiful birds, with cries of mingled sorrow and terror, flew from the great forest, he knew not whither,—leaving Germany forever.

DISCONTENTED TEG

A WELSH FAIRY TALE

Some writers say that Wales was the cradle of Fairyland. If that were all Wales was noted for, it is enough to make her very dear to the hearts of boys and girls everywhere; for most children, with lively, healthy imaginations, like to wander through the mystic Land of Fancy, where fairies and brownies and ogres and giants and brave princes and beautiful princesses reside.

The early Welsh people firmly believed in fairies and witches and deeds of magic, and there was no Welshman who had greater faith in them than a shepherd boy named Teg.

All day long he cared for his sheep among the mountains, ten miles south of Cardigan. He ardently longed for the day to come when the fairies would seize him and hold him in a spell of enchantment, that he might lay aside his crook and have a short vacation.

The head shepherd, for whom Teg worked, was a cross, brutal creature, who beat him soundly whenever anything went wrong. Whenever the lad was quiet, he beat him for being a dreamer; and whenever he whistled, he beat him for being boisterous. So it was not much wonder that poor Teg longed for the fairies to take him away.

One bright morning Teg sat in the pasture, dreaming as usual. He gazed at the top of Frennifawr to see how the fog was hanging; for if the Pembrokeshire side of the peak were foggy, it was a sign

of fair weather; and if the fog hung on the Cardigan side, it was a sign of rain.

While he was looking all about him, inspired by the mellow June sunshine, he saw on the plain, not far distant, a circle of fairies dancing merrily.

They were tiny creatures, scarcely four inches tall; yet they appeared majestic in spite of their amazing leaps into the air. As he drew nearer, he saw scores of little soldiers in tri-cornered hats and scarlet coats, circling about, hand in hand.

A number of beautiful ladies, in dark blue riding costumes, weaved about them, sitting upon tiny white horses that moved with amazing spirit. A number of men were playing harps and other musical instruments, but Teg could not hear a sound. They were evidently having a great celebration of some kind.

Now Teg knew that, if he placed his

foot inside the circle, the fairy enchantment would be complete; so he jumped squarely into the middle of it. Then he distinctly heard the gay music, the shouting of the soldiers, and the tinkling laughter of the ladies.

Suddenly, everything turned black, and he began to sink rapidly. Then a dazzling light fell upon him, and he rubbed his eyes and opened them to find himself in the court of a splendid palace. The floors were of marble and the great pillars were of onyx and agate. In the centre of the court was a fountain that shot forth sparkling jets of water.

Teg was filled with joy, especially when a beautiful lady, dressed in a costly gown covered with strings of pearls, came to meet him.

"Welcome, Prince Teg," she said, giving him her hand.

"But I am not a Prince—I am only a poor shepherd boy," stammered Teg, who never before had seen a lady dressed in the height of fashion.

"You are a Prince now," said the lady. "You have always wanted to belong to the nobility, and I have granted you your wish."

"But who are you?" asked Teg, half dazed.

"I am Mab, the Queen of the Fairies," she replied smilingly.

"But you are so large! I thought that fairies were very tiny creatures," gasped Teg.

"You have grown smaller since you came to Fairy-land," said the Princess. "You are not nearly so big as you think you are, and I daresay you will feel still smaller before you have lived in Fairy-land a week."

"WELCOME, PRINCE TEG," SHE SAID

"If I am to be a Prince, I must have suitable clothes," said Teg, beginning to feel very important, as many people do that rise suddenly in station.

Queen Mab ordered her guards to conduct Teg to his suite of rooms in the front part of the castle, where two valets and three footmen waited upon him.

They brought to him a number of smart coats and many other articles of dress, but Teg would have none of them.

"I shan't be satisfied to be a Prince unless I can dress like one," he grumbled. "Take all those dowdy things away and bring me a costly robe of bright red, fringed with gold and covered with jewels. Also bring me a coronet sparkling with precious stones, that everyone may know I am a nobleman."

In a short time his attendants returned with all the gorgeous clothing that he

had ordered, and began to dress him to meet the Queen at luncheon.

Queen Mab was awaiting him in the court. She seemed somewhat amused at his vulgar display of jewels, but she said nothing.

"Let us have something to eat," said Prince Teg, "for I have had nothing all day but cold potatoes and buttermilk."

"Luncheon is now ready," said the Queen. "Dinner will be served four hours later. My luncheons are always simple; but then you will not mind that, for you are to eat alone with the Queen."

They went into a splendid banquet hall, where a table was set for two. Although the viands set before them were, indeed, fit for a Queen, they did not please Teg, who soon lost his temper.

"Do you call this fit food for a Prince!" he cried in a loud voice. "I would have

three kinds of wine, venison, duck, soups, cakes, and all sorts of dessert. Let them all be brought in at one time that I may not have to wait so long."

"As you please," replied the Queen, still smiling. Then she ordered the servants to bring in the Prince's dinner, since he had decided that he did not care for luncheon.

In the evening a great ball was held in the castle, to which all the grandees of Fairyland had been invited. Teg was amazed at the beauty and grace of the ladies present, and yet they all wore simple white gowns and few jewels. The Queen only appeared in court costume.

To Teg's great humiliation, no one looked at him at all, because each one had so many friends in which he was more interested. Greatly displeased, he went to the Queen who was sitting on a dais at

one end of the ball-room, surrounded by her high-officials.

"No one seems to know that I am a Prince," he complained.

"That is because there are so many other Princes here, and not any one of them can receive all the homage; it must be divided," replied the Queen.

"I want to be recognized," he insisted.

"Then step up here and share this throne with me," said the good natured Queen, making room for him.

Teg was much too bold to hang back when such an oportunity was given him, so he sat down by the Queen and looked haughtily down upon the dancers.

Before the evening was over, everyone had seen how the Queen had favored Teg and all gathered about him to shake hands and to invite him to their homes.

Before he retired that night, Queen Mab said:

"All that I have is yours, so long as you are my guest; but I must beg of you to refrain from drinking any water from the well at the north end of the garden. If you should drink of that water, you would regret it as long as you live."

The next day Prince Teg went to the Queen with another complaint.

"If I am to be a Prince, I must have money," he said.

"Go to your apartments and you will find all that you can use," replied the Queen.

He found a large quantity of gold and silver coin in his sleeping-room; but he was not satisfied. Calling to his head valet, he said:

"Tell the Queen that I must have more money. I must have ten times as much,

that I may impress Fairyland with my wealth."

In less than an hour two hundred servants, carrying bags of gold and silver and precious stones, came into the room and piled up the treasures. They filled the apartment so full that Prince Teg could hardly turn around; but, although he complained about the closeness of the room, he would not let them take a single coin away.

Still Teg was not contented, although he was a Prince, a boon companion of the Queen, with many friends, money, costly jewels, fine clothes, horses, carriages, and plenty of leisure time. In short all the dreams of his restless youth had been realized.

He grew more and more dissatisfied every day, and treated his attendants in a shameful manner.

"I know what is the matter!" he finally cried, jumping from his golden couch. "I have been so much interested in getting all the important things of life that I forgot all about getting married. I must go to the Queen at once."

Although the Queen was busy with her high officials, she dismissed them, and asked Teg what he wanted. He sat down on the throne beside her, forgetting to remove his hat, and said:

"I want a wife."

"What kind of a woman do you want?" asked the Queen, smiling pleasantly.

"She must be wealthy and beautiful and of noble birth, intelligent, witty, and good natured. She must speak at least fourteen languages, play at least twelve musical instruments, humor me when I am cross, stay at home all the time, and cook when necessary. She must not be

so tall as I, and her eyes, hair, and complexion must be perfect. She must—"

"Stop! stop!" cried Queen Mab, laughing until her sides ached. "In my realm of beautiful women there is not one that would suit you, Prince Teg; you would better remain a bachelor."

"Nay, I will not!" cried Teg, stamping his foot. "If I can't get a woman that is my equal, I'll take one with fewer charms. Who would you suggest?"

"How would you like the Duchess Cherry Blossom? Nearly all the noblemen are wild to marry her, but she has left it to me to make the choice."

"You insult me," snapped Teg. "I would not stoop to marry a Duchess, since I have become a Prince. Whoever heard of such a thing! I would much rather prefer to marry you."

The Queen gasped for a moment, but replied as calmly as ever:

"If you wish it, I will be your wife, and you may be my Prince Consort."

"You are not the style of woman I admire; but since you are willing, I will make the best of it and try to make you happy," said Teg as he walked away.

Great plans were made for the wedding. Teg made all the arrangements himself, ignoring every suggestion offered by the Queen. His wedding robe alone was so costly that the treasury of Fairyland was bankrupt for twenty years. He appointed thirty noblemen to march before him to the Cathedral, where the wedding was to take place, to scatter flowers in his pathway and to perform a ceremony when the crown was placed upon his head.

The day before the wedding, he went

out into the garden, dissatisfied as usual.

"I wish that Fairyland were larger," he said. "If there were other nations to recognize me as their King, I should be happy. Life is indeed tiresome to a nobleman like myself."

Just at that moment he saw the well from which Queen Mab had told him that he must never drink. The longer he looked at it, the more discontented he became.

"I am resolved that no woman shall ever bind me down with a promise," said he. "I'll show the Queen of Fairyland that she cannot expect to boss her husband."

Although the water in the well was stagnant and filled with fish, Prince Teg lifted a cup of it to his lips and tasted it.

Instantly his head struck the earth with a bang that made stars dance before his eyes. He looked eagerly about him to

see where he was, and saw his sheep grazing peacefully in the pasture, while in the distance Frennifawr Peak trembled in a purple fog.

"I'll teach thee how to go to sleep and neglect thy duty!" cried the brutal shepherd as he brought down his great fists again and again upon poor Teg's shoulders. "Thou art a sluggard and thou wilt lose thy place to-night; but before thou goest thou wilt get the best trouncing that an ignoramus ever had!"

He continued to beat Teg until the poor lad yelled and writhed with pain; and when the beating was at an end, Teg was as humble as the oldest sheep in the pasture.

"I wish I had obeyed the Queen," blubbered he, as he searched for his crook. "There are times, I suppose, when it is best to take a woman's advice."

THE PRINCE OF NAPLES

AN ITALIAN LEGEND

ONCE there was a cruel, selfish King who ruled over Naples in Italy. He was much feared by all his subjects, and by his good Queen as well. Strange to tell, the King had a brave and handsome son, who was kind and helpful to everyone he chanced to meet; his name was Roswal.

One day the King became very angry with three of his noblest Knights, because they rebuked him for being so unjust. Without taking counsel with them, he ordered them to be thrown into the dark dungeon beneath the palace, there to remain the rest of their lives. He commanded the gaoler to feed them upon

bread and water, and to beat them with an iron rod every night.

Roswal's heart ached when he went to his room over the dungeon and prepared to go to bed, for the poor Knights, overcome by disgrace and ill treatment, were weeping and groaning. He could hear the rattling of chains and the sturdy blows rained upon them by the gaoler.

When the dungeon had become quiet, the Prince got out of bed and stole noiselessly to the King's sleeping apartment. He searched beneath the King's pillow and found the key to the dungeon. Then he went down to the place where the Knights were locked up, removed their chains, and set them free.

"Now hasten away as fast as you can, my good Knights," said Roswal, "for the gaoler will wake up and miss you; then the palace will be in an uproar."

"May God requite thee, noble Prince," said one of the Knights. "Kind acts never lose their reward."

Before dawn the gaoler discovered that the Knights had escaped. Sick with fear and anxiety, he hastened to the King's apartment to tell him what had happened. The King was equally amazed, for the key to the dungeon was under his pillow where he had placed it the night before.

He dressed in all possible haste and called his court and all the retainers of his palace before him. He said that the three Knights had been set free, and that some one in his household was guilty. He was about to punish the gaoler for his carelessness, when Roswal said:

"Be merciful to him, father, for he is not to blame. It was I who set the Knights free, and I am glad I did."

The King was so enraged that he or-

dered Roswal to be beheaded at once; but the court and all the servants were so fond of the Prince, he feared that they never would forgive him for permitting such a deed. So he said he would banish him from the court of Naples, and that he should never return again.

The King gave Roswal an abundance of money and clothes, as well as a fine steed, and sent him forth into the wide world to makes his fortune as best he could. The Prince had some letters to the King of Beaune and other great rulers, which he put in his pocket. He had but one companion, the High Steward, a lad of his own age, who was also well fitted for the journey.

The High Steward was not trustworthy, and the King had taken the opportunity to get rid of him. He looked with longing upon Roswal's fine clothes,

his money, and his letters to foreign kings, and at last made up his mind to get them for himself. So he overpowered the Prince, stripped him of all his valuables, and rode away on his fine steed, leaving his master without anything but his own common clothes. But before he rode away, he made the Prince solemnly swear by the memory of his good mother that he would never betray him.

Roswal wandered, tired and footsore, until he came to a cottage in the heart of a forest. There he met a dame who was kind and gentle. She bade him come in and sit down at the supper table with her son, a boy of his own age.

When they had nearly finished eating, the good dame said:

"What is thy name, my lad?"

Roswal was silent for a moment, but finally answered: "My name is Disa-

ware. I came from a far-away country, and I have no home."

"Then thou shalt stay in my home and be educated with my own son," said the good dame.

Accordingly, Roswal was sent to school, where he studied hard. The schoolmaster saw what a brilliant mind the boy had, and taught him many useful things, so that he became one of the most learned scholars in the land. Roswal, who always had lived in luxury but had never known happiness, was delighted with his simple home in the forest. He helped to support the good dame as though he were her own son.

Meanwhile the High Steward, dressed in Roswal's clothes, arrived at Beaune. He took out the letters which the King of Naples had written for his son, and

sent them by messenger to the King of Beaune.

Ere long a number of Knights came to greet him and take him to the palace, which was brilliantly lighted, as though some great festivity were to take place.

The King and all his court gave the High Steward a royal welcome and bade him sit down at the feast that had been prepared.

"But why dost thou travel alone, Prince?" asked the King.

"I had one companion, but he tried to kill me and take my place," replied the High Steward. "One night, when we were in the forest, I stole quietly away. I was very glad to get rid of him."

The High Steward did not make a very attractive Prince, for he was awkward and ill-mannered and, of course, very

haughty; but people are apt to overlook bad habits in one of lofty station, so in time he became the most popular young man in court.

He fell desperately in love with the King's only child, the Princess Lilian, the beauty of whose nut-brown hair and white complexion were sung by troubadours on all great occasions. Lilian did not love the false Prince, but her father told her it would be a wise thing to unite the kingdoms of Beaune and Naples, and that she must marry the Prince of Naples as soon as she was old enough.

Several years later it was announced from the court that the Prince of Naples would marry the Princess Lilian in a fortnight. Great preparations were made for a week of festivity. The High Steward was the happiest man on earth, although he feared that the real Prince might come

at any moment and keep him from winning his prize.

One day while he was hunting in the wood, he met a handsome young man who was shooting with his bow and arrows. They engaged in conversation, and the High Steward was so pleased with the lad's comeliness and his vast learning that he asked him to be his page.

The boy, who was none other than Roswal, was delighted with the offer, and ran to tell the good dame. He bade her good-by, mounted behind the High Steward, and rode to the court of Beaune. Roswal was so much improved in every way that the High Steward did not recognize him, but on the other hand Roswal knew that he was to be page to his only enemy.

When they reached the palace, the High Steward went to the Princess Lilian and told her to come and meet his new

page, of whom he was very proud. When Lilian saw Roswal and talked with him a few minutes, she fell in love with him. She asked him his name and where he came from. True to his solemn promise to the High Steward, he replied:

"I came from the great forest, and my name is Disaware."

The day for the wedding of the Princess and the High Steward drew near. Already the greatest tilters in the land were pouring into Beaune to take part in the tournament which was to last three days. Lilian begged Roswal to enter the lists and fight for the prize, but he said that he was only a poor boy who could do nothing but hunt for game.

The first day of the tournament dawned clear and bright. Roswal, very sad at heart, mounted his horse and went to the wood to hunt. He could think of nothing

but his great love for the Princess, and prayed that he might be able to prove that he was the real Prince of Naples.

At a turn in the road he came face to face with a Knight splendidly equipped. Roswal thought that he was one of the warriors on his way to the tournament, so he drew rein to let the Knight pass. Never before had he seen such a magnificent being, for the Knight was dressed in a suit of snow-white armor and had flowing white plumes in his helmet; the horse he rode was also of the purest white.

What was his surprise when the White Knight said:

"Prince, don this armor, mount this charger, and go to the tournament. At thy return thou wilt find me waiting here. I will hunt deer with thy hounds, and present unto thee all the game I obtain."

Roswal dressed himself in the white ar-

"PRINCE, DON THIS ARMOR AND GO TO THE TOURNAMENT"

mor, leapt into the Knight's saddle, and dashed away to the lists. When he entered, the vast throng of spectators set up a shout of acclamation, and all were wild to know who the splendid Knight was and where he lived.

With wonderful skill he overthrew all the other tilters until only the High Steward remained. When he turned upon his great foe, the High Steward, trembling with fear, surrendered to him. The White Knight, with a graceful wave of his right arm, disappeared. The crowd set up deafening shouts of applause.

"I would that I knew who the White Knight is, that I might make him an Earl," said the King of Beaune. "Never before have I seen such skill and grace, nor such beauty of form and elegance in any man."

In vain they tried to find out where

the White Knight had gone, for Roswal had returned to the forest where he met the Knight, and gave him back his armor and steed. He thanked him for his kindness and, taking the game that the Knight had shot for him, he hastened back to the palace kitchen.

All the servants were talking about the glorious White Knight, and chided him for displaying no interest in the tournament. Before long the Princess Lilian sent for him to meet her in the rose bower.

"Where have you been?" she asked coldly.

"Out hunting game," he replied.

"You would rather hunt for game than glory," she said. "A White Knight on a white steed has covered himself with renown. No one but you could have overcome the splendid warrior. Pray, enter

the lists to-morrow, that you may rise in station."

But Roswal simply said that all would come out well, if he did his humble duty in hunting game for the King. He paid no heed to her earnest entreaties.

On the next morning Roswal mounted his horse and went out again to hunt. At the same turn in the road he met another Knight dressed from the plumes of his helmet to the soles of his feet in gray, and riding a gray horse.

"Prince, don this armor, mount this charger, and go to the tournament," said the Gray Knight. "At thy return thou wilt find me waiting here. I will hunt deer with thy hounds and present unto thee all the game I obtain."

Roswal joyfully donned the gray armor, and, mounting the gray steed, dashed

"YOU WOULD RATHER HUNT FOR GAME THAN GLORY"

away, entering the lists just as the tournament opened.

The High Steward was much relieved when he saw that the White Knight was not present, and rode about in a very spirited manner, frequently waving his hand at the Princess Lilian, who was sitting with her maids not far from the King. But when the Gray Knight overthrew all his foes and charged upon him, he again threw down his spear in surrender.

The Gray Knight rode away amid the loudest cheers that had ever rent the quiet air of Beaune; but no one could find out who he was.

Roswal returned to the forest, where he found the Knight waiting for him with venison and other game. He thanked him for his kindness, took the game, and rode back to the palace kitchen.

Again the Princess Lilian sent for him to come to the rose bower.

"The White Knight did not fight to-day," she said, "but a still more noble Gray Knight was present and overthrew all his foes without any difficulty. I watched him closely. If I mistake not, Disaware, you are very much like both the White Knight and the Gray Knight. Do not deceive me."

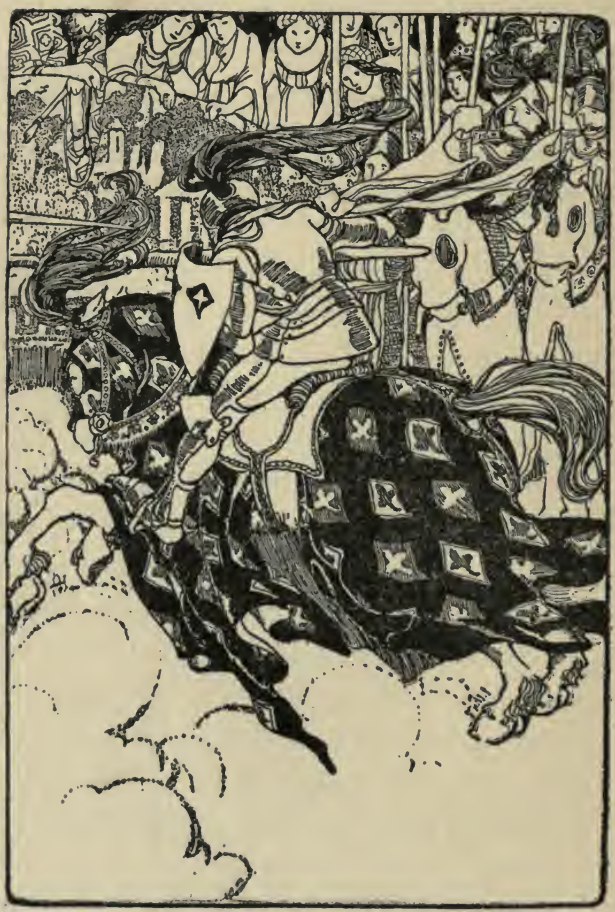
But Roswal would say nothing, and again the Princess was vexed with him.

On the third day Roswal again returned to the wood to hunt. At the turn of the road he met a Knight riding upon a splendid bay steed. He wore a suit of bright green armor and a golden helmet, and carried a red shield. He completely dazzled the eyes of Roswal, for never had he seen a Knight so glorious.

"Prince, don this armor, mount this charger, and go to the tournament" said the Knight. "At thy return thou wilt find me waiting here. I will hunt deer with thy hounds and present unto thee all the game I obtain."

Roswal did as he was bidden and rode away to the tournament. When he entered the lists, all the spectators were too much dazzled to utter a cry of delight. With remarkable skill he overthrew all the fighters until only the false High Steward remained.

Now Lilian, who had been quite disgusted with the High Steward because of his cowardice, had told him that if he surrendered on the third day he would lose her hand. So he made a bold dash at the Green Knight, but received a blow that sent him sprawling upon the ground,



WITH REMARKABLE SKILL HE OVERTHREW THE FIGHTERS

where he rolled half way across the field, yelling and blubbering, the people shrieking with laughter.

The Green Knight bowed low and rode once around the lists, throwing into Lilian's lap a small gold ring. Several of the King's courtiers tried to catch him, but nowhere could he be found.

Roswal rode back to the forest, where he found the Knight waiting for him with a large quantity of venison and other game. He thanked him for his kindness, mounted his horse, and rode back to the palace kitchen.

The King of Beaune offered large rewards to any of his people who would capture the three unknown Knights and bring them to his court; but no one was successful. Roswal hunted game as before, determined that he would not break his sa-

cred vow even though it were given to one who had done him a great wrong.

In vain the Princess Lilian begged the King not to give her in marriage to the High Steward.

"He is the Prince of Naples, the son of the richest ruler in the world," said the King kindly. "It will be a fine match, and I do not wish to be disappointed."

So the wedding took place amidst great rejoicing and splendor. No one in the kingdom was unhappy but the Princess Lilian and Roswal. After the wedding the bride and bridegroom sat on a dais in the hall, side by side, receiving the guests who pressed forward to wish them godspeed. The High Steward was beaming with joy, but the Princess Lilian looked pale and sorrowful.

Suddenly there was a great commotion, for the three Knights, one dressed in

white, another in gray, and the third in green and gold, entered the hall and hastened to the dais, where they bowed low to the Princess Lilian; but they paid no heed to the High Steward.

"Why do you not honor my son-in-law, the Prince of Naples?" asked the King, more surprised than displeased.

The three Knights looked all about them and said:

"Alas! your majesty, we do not see him."

At that moment Roswal entered the hall dressed in back velvet and carrying a great hat covered with black plumes. He was as much surprised as the court when the three Knights rushed towards him and, seizing him, carried him before the King. Then they knelt before Roswal.

"We bend the knee to no other sovereign than Roswal the Prince of Naples,"

they said. "He is the bravest fighter and the most merciful man in all the world. It was he who borrowed our armor and overthrew all the warriors that took part in the tournament. Yet he was most kind and merciful to his false High Steward, whom you have compelled your daughter to marry!"

The King and all his court stood as if turned to stone. The High Steward began to weep like a child, and forthwith confessed that he had robbed Roswal of his rights and had compelled him to take a sacred vow never to tell.

The King ordered his guards to seize the false Prince and carry him to prison, to be hanged at sundown.

Then the three Knights rose and took off their helmets. What was Roswal's delight to see the faces of the brave Knights he had freed from the dungeon in his father's palace in Naples! He em-

braced them, with tears in his eyes, and turned to the Princess Lilian, whose face beamed with happiness. He took her outstretched hand and sat down upon the chair which his High Steward had been occupying.

The King gave him his blessing, and the happy lovers were married. Twenty days of feasting and rejoicing followed.

It is further recorded that Roswal remembered all who had been kind to him, including the good dame of the forest and her son, and his patient old schoolmaster. He and Lilian later became King and Queen of both Naples and Beaune, and their children were very noble and illustrious. One of the sons became King of Naples, another son received the throne of Beaune, and the third became Pope of Rome; while one daughter was married

to the Prince of Apulia and the other became Queen of France.

Many a time Queen Lilian said to her husband:

"Thou art my noble King to-day;
My Page, my Prince, of old;
My Knight in White, my Knight in Gray,
My Knight in Green and Gold!"

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